TITUS ANDRONICUS

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

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TRAGEDY OF

TITUS ANDRONICUS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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PREFACE

It is barely possible that *Titus Andronicus* was a very early work of Shakespeare, but personally I believe, with the great majority of editors and critics, that it was an old anonymous play which he slightly retouched in the 'prentice period of his career. I nevertheless allow the advocates of its authenticity their full say in its behalf (in the Introduction), and leave readers and students to decide for themselves, if they can, how much of it is Shakespeare's.

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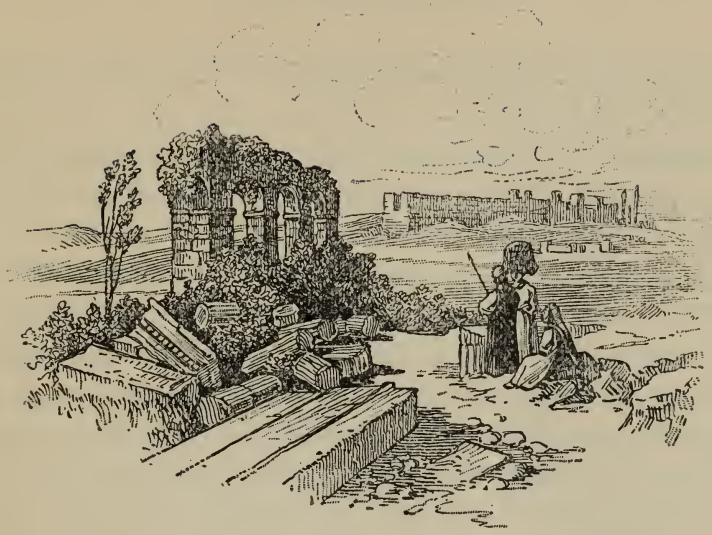
PONTINE MARSHES



INTRODUCTION

TO

TITUS ANDRONICUS

The History of the Play

Until 1904 the earliest known edition of *Titus Andronicus* was a quarto published in 1600, with the following title-page (as given in the Cambridge ed.): —

The most lamenta- | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. | As it hath sundry times beene playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | At London, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his

shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600.

Langbaine in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, p. 464 (ed. 1691) says of *Titus Andronicus*, "This play was first printed 4o. Lond. 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their Servants." Whether or not this is the same as "titus and ondronicus" mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 33, ed. Collier) as acted for the first time on the 23d of January, 1593, it is impossible to say. The very existence of this quarto of 1594 was doubted by many critics until a copy of it was discovered in Sweden in the latter part of 1904. It is probable that this was the edition of which the following entry appears in the Stationers' Registers: —

6 February, 1593.

John Danter. Entered for his copye under handes of bothe the wardens a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus. vj^{d}.

Another quarto was published in 1611, the title-page of which reads thus: —

The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | *of Titus Andronicus.* | *As it hath sundry* | *times beene plaide by the Kings* | Maiesties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the | Gun. 1611.

This edition was printed from that of 1600, from which it varies only by some printer's errors and a few conjectural alterations.

The folio text was printed from a copy of the quarto

of 1611, which perhaps was in the library of the theatre, and had some MS. alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the folio contains a whole scene (iii. 2) not found in the quartos, but agreeing too closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the players' copy of the 2d quarto from a manuscript in their possession.

Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of S.*, 2d ed., p. 72) assumes that Henslowe's play is the one ascribed to Shakespeare. He says: "In the winter-season of 1593–4, Shakespeare's earliest tragedy, which was unfortunately based on a repulsive tale, was brought out by the Earl of Sussex's actors, who were then performing, after a tour in the provinces, at one of the Surrey theatres. They were either hired by, or playing under some financial arrangement with, Henslowe, who, after the representation of a number of revivals, ventured upon the production of a drama on the story of Titus Andronicus, the only new play introduced during the season. This tragedy, having been successfully produced[1] before a large audience on January the 23d, 1594, was shortly afterwards entered on the books of the

[1] This appears from the earlier issue of 1594, recorded by Langbaine [see above] as "acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants." That Langbaine wrote Essex by error for Sussex is evident from the title-page of the edition of 1600 and from the half-title on the first page of that of 1611.

Stationers' Company and published by Danter. It was also performed, almost if not quite simultaneously, by the servants of the Earls of Derby and Pembroke.

That the play was popular may be inferred from the number of representations, its timely publication, and from several early notices. Ben Jonson, writing in 1614, refers thus to its popularity: "hee that will sweare Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes, yet shall passe unexcepted at heere as a man whose judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeeres" (Ind. to *Bartholomew Fair*). Jonson hardly means here to convey the idea of a precise date, but merely that both the dramas to which he alludes were then very old plays. In an inventory of the theatrical costumes at the Rose Theatre in March, 1598–9, mention is made of "the More's lymes," which Malone suspects "were the limbs of Aaron the Moor in *Titus Andronicus*," who in the original play was probably tortured on the stage.

Ravenscroft, in the preface to his alteration of the play (1687), says: "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his [Shakespeare's], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." Capell, Collier, Knight, and many of the Germans, believe that the play is Shakespeare's; but the majority of the English editors reject it entirely. The rest think that it was only touched up by the dramatist, and they are prob-

ably right. It is difficult to believe that he had any larger share in its composition than Ravenscroft allowed him. It may at first seem strange that his name should have come to be associated with a work in which we find so few traces of his hand; but he may have improved the old play in other ways than by rewriting any considerable portion of it, — by omissions, rearrangement of scenes, and the like — and its popularity in the revised form may have led to its being commonly known as "Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*" (to distinguish it from the original version, whosesoever it may have been), until at length it got to be generally regarded as one of his own productions.

If Shakespeare wrote the play, it must have been at the very beginning of his career as an author — "1589, or earlier," as Dowden suggests, when he was "a young man carried away by the influence of a *Sturm und Drang* (storm and stress) movement similar to that which urged Schiller to write his *Robbers*. *Titus Andronicus* belongs essentially to the pre-Shaksperian group of bloody tragedies, of which Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* is the most conspicuous example. If it is of Shaksperian authorship, it may be viewed as representing the years of crude and violent youth before he had found his true self."

Stokes (*Chron. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 3) says: "That Shakespeare had some connection with a play upon the subject seems to be placed beyond doubt by the mention of Meres, and by the insertion

in the 1st folio; but if the play as given in that edition be the one which is connected with our poet's name — as indeed seems probable from a consideration of several passages in it (see Mr. H. B. Wheatley, *New. Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, pp. 126–129)[1] — then the classical allusions, the peculiar words, etc., compel us to adopt Ravenscroft's tradition that it is only an old play revised by Shakespeare. In what year this revision took place it is very difficult to say; of course, it must have been before 1598, when Meres mentions it, and therefore before the Pembroke and other companies were merged into the Lord Chamberlain's company, at which time Mr. Fleay thinks several old plays (*Titus Andronicus* being one) passed into the hands of the corps to which Shakespeare belonged. The adaptation was probably early in his dramatic career, though Jonson's reference in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* must surely be to the old play."

Furnivall ("Leopold" ed. p. xxii.) says: "To me, as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakspere's: my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and

[1] The bits which Mr. Wheatley assigns to Shakespeare are the following: i. 1. 9 ("Romans, friends, followers," etc., echoed by Mark Antony in *J. C.* iii. 2. 75), ii. 1. 82, 83 ("She is a woman," etc., like *Rich. III.* i. 2. 228, 229 and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 78, 79), i. 1. 70–76, 117–119 (cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 183 fol.), i. 1. 141, ii. 2. 1–6, ii. 3. 10–15, iii. 1. 82–86, 91–97, iv. 4. 81–86, v. 2. 21–27, and v. 3. 160–168. These may well be Shakespeare's, and possibly other passages that rise above the general level of the play.

never were, his.' I accept the tradition that Ravenscroft reports when he revived and altered the play in 1687, that it was brought to Shakspere to be touched up and prepared for the stage."

The verdict of the editors and critics is so nearly unanimous against the authenticity of the play that the burden of proof clearly rests with the other side; and as I am willing to allow them the fullest and best presentation of their case that has yet been made, I give below the arguments of Verplanck almost without abridgment.

The date of the play in its present form must be earlier than 1594. If it was an old play retouched by Shakespeare, his work upon it may have been done in 1592 or 1593. If it was entirely his own, we must suppose it to have been written several years earlier — certainly before *Love's Labour 's Lost*, the first original play which is generally ascribed to him, and which could not have been later than 1591, while some good critics date it in 1588 or 1589.

The Sources of the Plot

Theobald says: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the empire — I mean to Byzantium. And yet the

scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol." When Danter registered the "Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus" on the 6th of February, 1593 (see p. 10 above), he entered also "by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof;" and some have thought that this ballad was the basis of the play. If, however, it be the ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* (reprinted in my *Notes* below), it is quite as likely that the poem was founded on the play.[1] The story seems to have been a popular one. It is mentioned in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure;* and there is an allusion to it in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, a comedy printed in 1594.

General Comments on the Play

The theory that the play was written by Shakespeare has been ably and elaborately defended by Knight (*Doubtful Plays*, etc., 2d ed. 1867) and by Verplanck (*Illustrated Shakespeare*, 1847). The latter (whom I quote because his edition is out of print, and not to be found in many libraries) remarks: —

"A great majority of the English Shakespearian editors, commentators, and critics, including some of the very highest names in literature, have concurred in rejecting this bloody and repulsive tragedy as wholly unworthy of Shakespeare, and therefore erroneously

[1] White remarks: "Throughout the ballad there is evident effort to compress all the incidents of the story within as brief a relation as possible; and this is not the style of a ballad written for the ballad's sake."

ascribed to him. Yet the external evidence of his authorship of the piece is exceedingly strong — indeed stronger than that for one half of his unquestioned works. It was repeatedly printed during the author's life[1]; the first time (as appears from the Stationers' Register and Langbaine's authority) in 1593 or 1594, by J. Danter, who was also, in 1597, the publisher of *Romeo and Juliet*, in its original form. It was again reprinted in a quarto pamphlet in 1600 and in 1611. It was finally published in the first folio in 1623, and placed without question amongst the tragedies, between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The editors of this first collection of Shakespeare's 'Comedies, and Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true originall copies,' announced to their readers, in their preface, 'the care and paine' they had taken so to publish 'his writings, that where before you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthe of injurious impostors; even these are now offered to view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them.' It is then difficult to believe that editors who thus professed to reject even imperfect copies of genuine plays, should have admitted without doubt a whole play in which their author had no hand. Nor can we suppose them likely to be mistaken in such a matter, when we recollect that these

[1] Verplanck apparently forgets that no edition bearing Shakespeare's name as author is known to have appeared during his life.

editors were Heminge and Condell, long the managers of a theatrical company which had represented this very play, and to whom its author could not well have been unknown; who were, moreover, for years Shakespeare's associates in theatrical concerns, and his personal friends, and who, in connection with the great original actor of *Othello* and *Richard*, *Hamlet* and *Lear*, are remembered by the poet in his will, by a bequest 'to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, to buy them rings.'

"These editors had besides given no slight proof of their care and fidelity on this point, by rejecting at least fourteen other plays ascribed by rumour, or by the unauthorized use of his name, to Shakespeare, and a part of which were afterwards added to their collection by the less scrupulous publishers of the folios of 1664 and of 1685.

"*Titus Andronicus* is moreover unhesitatingly ascribed to Shakespeare by his contemporary Francis Meres, in the 'Comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greek, Latine, and Italian Poets,' contained in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. The list of Shakespeare's works there given by Meres has always been regarded as the best authority for the chronology of all the great poet's works mentioned in it, and it contains the title of no other piece that ever has been questioned as of doubtful authenticity. Meres is said by Schlegel to have been personally acquainted with the poet, and 'so very intimately, that the latter read to him his

sonnets before they were printed.' I do not know on what authority he states this fact so strongly; yet it is remarkable that, in 1598, eleven years before Shakespeare's sonnets were printed, Meres had said 'the sweete wittie soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred sonnets among his private friends.' It is besides certain, on other authority, that Meres, at the date of his publication, was intimately connected with Drayton, and he was very familiar with the literature and literary affairs of his day.

"Now all this chain of positive evidence applies, not merely to an obscure play unknown in its day, but to a piece which, with all its faults, suited the taste of the times, was several times reprinted, and was often acted, and that by different theatrical companies, one of which was that with which Shakespeare was himself connected. It would be without example that the author of such a piece should have been content for years to have seen his work ascribed to another.

"Indeed, we find no trace of doubt on the subject until 1687, nearly a century after the first edition, when Ravenscroft, who altered *Titus Andronicus* to make it apply to a temporary political purpose, asserted that he had 'been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters.' But Ravenscroft's tradition comes in a most

suspicious shape, as he had some years before spoken of the piece as unquestionably and entirely Shakespeare's.

"Thus it would really seem on the first view of the question, that it would be as extravagant an opinion to deny this play to be Shakespeare's as it would be to reject the joint testimony of the editor of Sheridan's works, of his fellow managers in Covent Garden, and of contemporary critics to the authenticity of any of his dramas, on account of its alleged or real inferiority to the other productions of that brilliant and irregular mind.

"But all this external and collateral proof of authenticity is thrown aside by a host of critics, and this without any plausible attempt to explain how the error arose, and why it prevailed so generally and so long. Their argument rests almost entirely upon the manifest inferiority of this play of accumulated physical horrors to its alleged author's other tragedies, and its difference from their style and versification, so great as to be judged incompatible with their proceeding from the same author. Thus Johnson observes: 'All the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived

tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing.'

" Mr. Hallam, a still higher authority in taste and in knowledge of the elder English literature, pronounces, with a dogmatism quite unusual in his candid and guarded, as well as sure-sighted criticism, that '*Titus Andronicus* is now by common consent denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare's; very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner.' He allows, indeed, the credit due to Meres's ordinary accuracy in his enumeration, but adds: 'In criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony when *res ipsa vociferatur* to the contrary.'

" To these critics of the nobler class may be added the names of Malone, Steevens, Boswell, Seymour, and a host of others, including, I believe, all the commentating editors, except Capell, until within the last ten years. Some few of them, as Theobald and Perry, qualify this rejection by supposing that Shakespeare had added 'a few fine touches' to the work of an inferior hand.

" For myself, I cannot but think that Mr. Hallam's rejection of all external testimony on such a point, as being incompetent to oppose the internal indications of taste, talent, and style, is in itself unphilosophical, and in contradiction to the experience of literary history. There may be such an internal evidence showing that

a work could not have been written in a particular age or language. This may be too strong to be shaken by other proof. The evidence of differing taste, talent, or style, is quite another matter. On the ground taken by Mr. Hallam, Walter Scott's last novel, showing no want of learning and of labor, would be ejected from his works on account of its fatal inferiority to all his other prose and verse, had his biographers chosen, from any reasons of delicacy, to veil from us the melancholy cause of its inferiority, in the broken spirits and flagging intellect of its admirable author.

"We might numerate several of Dryden's works which would hardly stand this test of authenticity; but it will be enough to mention his deplorable and detestable tragedy of *Amboyna*, written in the meridian of his faculties, yet as bloody and revolting as *Andronicus*, and far more gross, and this without any redeeming touch of genius or feeling.

"More especially is this rule to be sparingly applied to the juvenile efforts of men of genius. We know from a sneer of Ben Jonson's at the critics who 'will swear that *Jeronymo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet,' that these plays had been popular for twenty-five or thirty years in 1614, which throws the authorship of *Andronicus* back to the time when Shakespeare was scarcely more than one-and-twenty, if he was not still a minor. We have had in our own times the '*Hours of Idleness*, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor,' published in the noble poet's twentieth year. Lord

Byron's education and precocious acquaintance with the world had given him far greater advantages for early literary exploits than Shakespeare could have possibly enjoyed; yet it is no exaggeration of the merits of *Andronicus* to say that, with all its defects, it approximates more to its author's after excellence than the commonplace mediocrity of Byron's juvenile efforts to any of the works by which his subsequent fame was won. Swift's poor *Pindaric Odes*, written after he had attained manhood, might be denied to be his, for the same or similar reasons, as differing in every respect, of degree and kind, from the talent and taste he afterwards exhibited —as too extravagant and absurd to have been written by the author of the transparent prose, strong sense, and sarcastic wit of Gulliver; and equally incompatible with the mind of the inventor of that agreeable variety of English verse, in its lightest, easiest, simplest dress,

> 'which he was born to introduce,
> Refined it first, and showed its use.'

"Critics have vied with one another in loading this play with epithets of contempt; and indeed, as compared with the higher products of dramatic poetry, it has little to recommend it. But in itself, and for its times, it was very far from giving the indication of an unpoetical or undramatic mind. One proof of this is, that it was long a popular favourite on the stage. It is full of defects, but these are precisely such as a youthful

aspirant, in an age of authorship, would be most likely to exhibit — such as the subjection to the taste of the day, good or bad, and the absence of that dramatic truth and reality which some experience of human passion, and observation of life and manners, can alone give the power to produce.

" This tragedy of coarse horror was in the fashion and taste of the times, and accordingly stands in the same relation to the other popular dramas of the age that the juvenile attempts of Swift and Byron do to the poetry of their day which had excited their ambition. But it differs from their early writings in this, that while they fall very much below their models, this tragedy is at least equal to the once admired tragedies of Peele and Kyd, and if inferior in degree of power, yet not of an inferior class to the scenes of Marlowe and Greene, the models of dramatic art and genius of their times. Theatrical audiences had not yet been taught to be thrilled 'with grateful terror' without the presence of physical suffering; and the author of *Andronicus* made them, in Macbeth's phrase, 'sup full with horrors.' He gave them stage effect and interest such as they liked, stately declamation, with some passages of truer feeling, and others of pleasing imagery. It is not in human nature that a boy author should be able to develop and portray the emotions and passions of Lear or of Iago. It was much that he could raise them dimly before 'his mind's eye,' and give some imperfect outline and foreshadowing of them in Aaron and Andronicus.

He who could do all this in youth and inexperience, might, when he had found his own strength, do much more. The boy author of *Titus Andronicus* might well have written *Lear* twenty years after.

"The little resemblance of diction and versification of this play to after works may also be ascribed to the same cause. We do not need the experience or the authority of Dryden to prove that the mastery of 'the numbers of his mother tongue' is one of those gifts which 'nature never gives the young.'

"The young poet, born in an age and country having a cultivated poetic literature, good or bad, must, until he has formed his own ear by practice, and thus too by practice made his language take the impress and colour of his own mind, echo and repeat the tune of his instructors. This may be observed in Shakespeare's earlier comedies: and to my ear many lines and passages of *Andronicus*, — such as the speech of Tamora in act ii. scene 2, 'The birds chant melodies in every bush,' etc., etc., and in this same scene the lines in the mouth of the same personage, 'A barren detested vale, you see it is,' recall the rhythm and taste of much of the poetry of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The matchless freedom of dramatic dialogue and emotion, and of lyrical movement — the grand organ swell of contemplative harmony, were all to be afterwards acquired by repeated trial and continued practice. The versification and melody of *Titus Andronicus* are nearer to those of Shakespeare's two or three earlier comedies

than those are to the solemn harmony of Prospero's majestic morality.

" Nor can I find in this play any proof of the scholar-like familiarity with Greek and Roman literature that Steevens asserts it to contain, and therefore to be as much above Shakespeare's reach in learning as beneath him in genius. This lauded scholarship does not go beyond such slight schoolboy familiarity with the more popular Latin poets read in schools, and with its mythology, and some hackneyed scraps of quotation such as the poet has often shown elsewhere. The neglect of all accuracy of history, and of its costumes, the confusion of ancient Rome with modern and Christian habits, are more analogous to Shakespeare's own irregular acquirements than to the manner of a regularly trained scholar. Mr. Hallam has said of the undisputed Roman tragedies, that ' it is manifest that in these Roman character and still more Roman manners are not exhibited with the precision of the scholar ' — a criticism from which few scholars will dissent as to the manners, though few will agree with it as to ' Roman character.' But if this be true in any extent of the historical dramas composed in the fulness of the poet's knowledge and talent, we shall find the same sort of defects in *Titus Andronicus*, and carried to a greater excess. The story is put together without any historical basis, or any congruity with any period of Roman history. The tribune of the people is represented as an efficient popular magistrate, while there is an elec-

tive yet despotic emperor. The personages are Pagans, appealing to 'Apollo, Pallas, Juno, or Mercury,' while at the beginning of the play we find a wedding according to the Catholic ritual, with 'priest and holy water,' and tapers 'burning bright,' and at the end an allusion to a Christian funeral, with 'burial and mournful weeds and mournful bell;' to say nothing of Aaron's sneer at 'Popish ceremonies,' or of the 'ruined monastery' in the plain near Rome.

"For all these reasons, I am so far from rejecting this play as spurious, that I regard it as a valuable and curious evidence of the history of its author's intellectual progress."

The most recent editors, like the earlier ones, are divided in their opinions concerning the authorship of the play. Herford ("Eversley" ed. 1899), after raising certain objections to the "touching up" theory, adds: "The view that the whole is Shakespeare's work is not to be lightly adopted. Neither in the choice of subject nor in the structure of the plot is there much that recalls Shakespeare. . . . Yet the play is not unlike, in the tragic sphere, what the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* attempted in the sphere of comic satire. The same alert mind which there assembled oddities and extravagancies from every phase of contemporary life may have gratified the same instinct for profusion and multiplicity of weaving from its school reminiscences this horrible fantasia of classical legends. Moreover, with all the extravagance of certain incidents,

Titus Andronicus bears marks of the sanity and self-control which distinguish even the most daring work of the young Shakespeare. . . . English criticism has too peremptorily decided against this claim on the ground of the palpable defects of the plot, and the difficulty of bringing the given tragedy into relation with the bright and joyous comedy which apparently occupied Shakespeare's early manhood. But we know far too little of that early manhood to be entitled to exclude from it whatever will not fall in with a particular scheme of development; and, in view of the strong external evidence, the more critical course appears to be a qualified acceptance."

On the other hand, Mr. A. W. Verity ("Henry Irving" ed. 1890) says: "There can be little doubt that *Titus Andronicus* is no genuine, authentic play. Critics the most orthodox and rigidly conservative allow that only a small part of the drama which has come down to us under Shakespeare's name was written by him." After giving due weight to Meres's mention of the play and its insertion in the folio of 1623, he takes the ground that Ravenscroft's testimony, together with the internal evidence of style — "the prevailing tone of the play, the verse in which it is written, and its general æsthetic quality" — is against the theory that it is Shakespeare's. In his opinion, "the drama is a mere maze of bloodthirsty melodrama, pervaded by a fine full-flavoured charnel-house atmosphere. The author dabbles in blood; it is blood, blood, everywhere, and we

are spared nothing that can revolt and disgust. Really, if we are to assign *Titus Andronicus* to Shakespeare, we had better assume at once that the play was a direct attempt to reproduce and revive the sensational horrors of the *Jeronimo* type of play-writing." He thinks that "most people will be content to believe that the play was written by some inferior dramatist, was just touched by Shakespeare, and then passed off by the theatrical manager, for obvious reasons, as a genuine work of the great poet."

I may add an extract from Franz Horn's comments on the play (as quoted by Knight, who believes that "Shakespeare is, in *every* sense, the author of *Titus*"): —

"Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen; let us consider Shakspere, *as boy and youth*, in his circumscribed external situation — without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher — without the possession of ancient or modern languages — in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world of London, contending for long years with unfavourable circumstances — in wearisome intercourse with this great world, which is, however, often found to be little; — but also with nature, with himself, and with God: — What materials for the deepest contemplation! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the

human being and the surrounding world. But it is not yet disclosed to himself. Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatize? Let us not demand anything superhuman: for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences!

"The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allow us to imagine very deep passions in the youthful Shakspere. But this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon desired, from that stage 'which signifies the world' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakspere), to speak aloud what the world seemed to him — to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root — which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this *Titus*. But what, as a man, was possible to him in *Lear*, the youth could not accomplish. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism; and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them — aspirations which are breathed so gently as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Saturninus, son to the late Emperor of Rome.
Bassianus, brother to Saturninus.
Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman.
Marcus Andronicus, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, } sons to Titus.
Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.

Publius, son to Marcus the Tribune.
Sempronius, Caius, Valentine, } kinsmen to Titus.
Æmilius, a noble Roman.
Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, } sons to Tamora.
Aaron, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Goths and Romans.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths.
Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene: *Rome, and the country near it.*

BEFORE THE CAPITOL

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft. Enter, below, from one side,* SATURNINUS *and his* Followers; *and, from the other side,* BASSIANUS *and his* Followers; *with drum and colours*

Saturninus. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms,
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,

Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bassianus. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, *aloft, with the Crown*

Marcus. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome and chastised with arms

Our enemies' pride; five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Saturninus. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bassianus. Marcus Andronicus, so do I affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Saturninus. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country

Commit myself, my person and the cause. —
[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee. —
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bassianus. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain

Captain. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them, two* Men *bearing a coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners;* Soldiers *and* People *following. The* Bearers *set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks*

Titus. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,

Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. —
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! —
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? —
Make way to lay them by their brethren. —
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars! —
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Lucius. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Titus. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tamora. Stay, Roman brethren! — Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood!
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Titus. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice;
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.*

Tamora. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chiron. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Demetrius. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal
The selfsame gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths —
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen —
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody*

Lucius. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites; Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.
Titus. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls. —
[*Trumpet sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep;
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA

Lavinia. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long!
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Titus. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! —
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and* Tribunes; *re-enter* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS, *attended*

Marcus. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Titus. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marcus. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. —

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons;
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on helpless Rome.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What should I don this robe and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world;
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marcus. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Saturninus. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Saturninus. Romans, do me right!—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor!—

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!
Lucius. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Titus. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts and wean them from themselves.
Bassianus. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
Titus. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Titus. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth
And ripen justice in this commonweal.
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'
Marcus. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish till they come down.*

Saturninus. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Titus. It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace;
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Saturninus. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; — and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Titus. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Saturninus. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome.
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths. —
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lavinia. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Saturninus. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free. —
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*
Bassianus. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing Lavinia.*
Titus. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bassianus. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marcus. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Lucius. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Titus. Traitors, avaunt! — Where is the emperor's guard? —
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.
Saturninus. Surpris'd! by whom?

Bassianus. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus, with Lavinia.*
Mutius. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Titus. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mutius. My lord, you pass not here.
Titus. What, villain boy! 290
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mutius. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS

Lucius. My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Titus. Nor thou nor he are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Lucius. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*
Saturninus. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock. 300
I 'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine
That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Saturninus. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Saturninus. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers burn so bright and everything
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tamora. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Saturninus. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. — Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered;
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Titus. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS

Marcus. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Titus. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Lucius. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
Titus. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified.
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls;
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Marcus. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quintus. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Martius. }

Titus. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

Quintus. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Titus. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marcus. No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Titus. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Martius. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quintus. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead, —

Quintus. Father, and in that name doth nature speak, —

Titus. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marcus. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul, —

Lucius. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Marcus. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself, and wise Lærtes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals;
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Titus. Rise, Marcus, rise.
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome! —
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*
Lucius. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
Marcus. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Titus. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus *attended,* Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, *and* Aaron; *from the other,* Bassianus, Lavinia, *and others*

Saturninus. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bassianus. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Saturninus. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bassianus. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
Saturninus. 'T is good, sir; you are very short with us,
But if we live we 'll be as sharp with you.
Bassianus. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Titus. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tamora. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all,
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Saturninus. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tamora. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. —
[*Aside to Saturninus*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I 'll find a day to massacre them all
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 't is to let a queen

Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain. —
Come, come, sweet emperor, — come, Andronicus, —
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Saturninus. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Titus. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord ;
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor
That you will be more mild and tractable. —
And fear not, lords, — and you, Lavinia ; —
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Lucius. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marcus. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Saturninus. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace.
I will not be denied ; sweet heart, look back.

Saturninus. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults;
Stand up. —
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. —
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Titus. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.

Saturninus. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

THE HUNT (SCENE 2)

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Palace*

Enter AARON

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills,
So Tamora ;
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's. —
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving*

Demetrius. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chiron. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate.
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Demetrius. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chiron. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demetrius. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aaron. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up!

Demetrius. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chiron. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!

Aaron. Away, I say!
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chiron. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Demetrius. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice;
Lavinia is thine older brother's hope.
Aaron. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chiron. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.
Aaron. To achieve her! how?
Demetrius. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know;
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aaron. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Demetrius. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chiron. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Demetrius. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aaron. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?
Chiron. Faith, not me.
Demetrius. Nor me, so I were one.
Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words;
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears.
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chiron. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Forest near Rome. Horns and Cry of Hounds heard*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, etc., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS

Titus. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd. —

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty; —
Madam, to you as many and as good. —
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Saturninus. And you have rung it lustily, my lord;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bassianus. Lavinia, how say you?
Lavinia. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Saturninus. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport. — [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marcus. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase
And climb the highest promontory top.

Titus. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demetrius. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A lonely Part of the Forest*

Enter Aaron, *with a bag of gold*

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora

Tamora. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,

Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tamora. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aaron. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes.
Be cross with him, and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA

Bassianus. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tamora. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lavinia. Under your patience, gentle empress,

'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bassianus. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lavinia. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness! — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassianus. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lavinia. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long. —
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tamora. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron

Demetrius. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tamora. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place.
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven;
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death;
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demetrius. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chiron. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lavinia. Ay, come, Semiramis, — nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!
Tamora. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
Demetrius. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chiron. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
Tamora. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.
Chiron. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure. —
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lavinia. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face, —
Tamora. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
Lavinia. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Demetrius. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lavinia. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath, — she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. —
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike.
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
Chiron. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lavinia. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark.
Yet have I heard — O, could I find it now! —
The lion mov'd with pity did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away;
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests.
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tamora. I know not what it means; away with her!
Lavinia. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tamora. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless. —
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lavinia. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tamora. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lavinia. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murtherer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Demetrius. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lavinia. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall —

Chiron. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth. — Bring thou her husband;
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tamora. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure. —
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed

Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

Re-enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quintus. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Martius. And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*
Quintus. What, art thou fallen? — What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me. —
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
Aaron. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*
Martius. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quintus. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Martius. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quintus. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.
Martius. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?
Martius. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit;
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quintus. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Martius. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quintus. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft or I below.
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *with* AARON

Saturninus. Along with me; I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it. —
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Martius. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Saturninus. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Martius. We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, *with* Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS

Tamora. Where is my lord the king?

Saturninus. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tamora. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Saturninus. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murthered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy,
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murtherous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturnine a letter.*

Saturninus. [Reads] '*An if we miss to meet him handsomely —*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.' —

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murther'd Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Saturninus. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life. —
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tamora. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murther is discovered!
Titus. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boom, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons, —
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them, —
Saturninus. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent. —
Who found this letter? — Tamora, was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Titus. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Saturninus. Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me. —
Some bring the murther'd body, some the murtherers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tamora. Andronicus, I will entreat the king.
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Titus. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out*

Demetrius. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chiron. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Demetrius. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chiron. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Demetrius. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chiron. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.
Demetrius. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter MARCUS

Marcus. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast! — 11
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep! —

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 't is so?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee.
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee.
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

STREET IN ROME

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street*

Enter Judges, Senators, *and* Tribunes, *with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Titus. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept,
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[*Lieth down; the Judges, etc., pass by him, and Exeunt.*
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. —
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood. —

Enter Lucius, *with his sword drawn*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Lucius. O noble father, you lament in vain.
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Titus. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. —
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you, —

Lucius. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Titus. Why, 't is no matter, man. If they did hear
They would not mark me, or if they did mark

They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. —
[*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Titus. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus *and* Lavinia

Marcus. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Marcus. This was thy daughter.

Titus. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Lucius. Ay me, this object kills me!

Titus. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her. —
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. —
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life.
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use;
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other. —
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, is but vain.

Lucius. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marcus. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Lucius. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marcus. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead;
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this. —
Look, Marcus! — ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marcus. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Lucius. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marcus. Patience, dear niece. — Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Titus. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Lucius. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Titus. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, — that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Titus. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise!
With all my heart I 'll send the emperor
My hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert!
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shall go.

Lucius. By heaven, it shall not go!

Titus. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Titus. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marcus. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Titus. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so;
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS

Titus. Now stay your strife; what shall be is dispatch'd. —
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand.
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, — that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. —
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Titus. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! — [*To Lavinia*] What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand*

Messenger. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Marcus. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Lucius. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marcus. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marcus. Now, farewell, flattery! die, Andronicus!
Thou dost not slumber. See, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes.
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha!

Marcus. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Titus. Why, I have not another tear to shed;
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.

Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do. —
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. — Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear. —
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth. —
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Lucius. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome! —
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life. —
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister!
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress

Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a* Boy

Titus. So, so; now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours. —
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down. —
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marcus. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Titus. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none. —
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands! —
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink! — Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

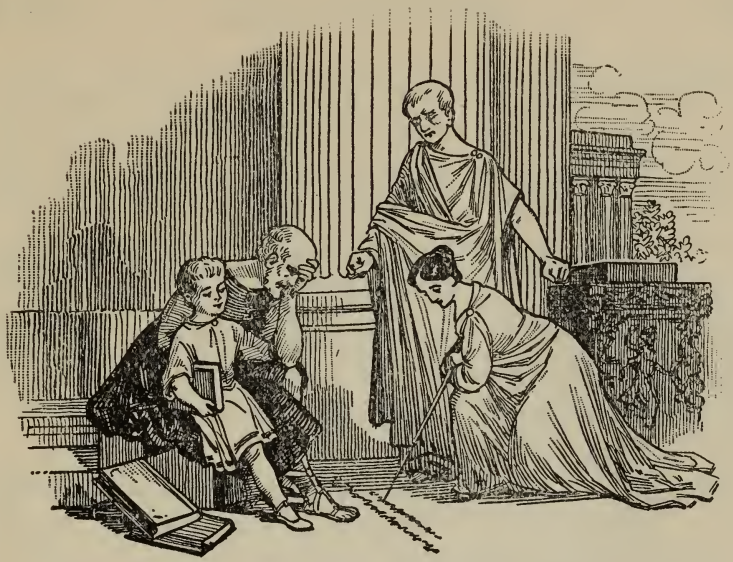
Marcus. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Titus. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marcus. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Titus. Out on thee, murtherer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny.
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother; get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.
Marcus. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Titus. But how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.
Marcus. Pardon me, sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Titus. O, O, O!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me. —
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora. —

Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marcus. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Titus. Come, take away. — Lavinia, go with me;
I 'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old. —
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV

SCENE I. *Rome. Titus's Garden*

Enter young LUCIUS, *and* LAVINIA *running after him, and the boy flies from her, with books under his arm. Then enter* TITUS *and* MARCUS

Young Lucius. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why. —
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes. —
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marcus. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Titus. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Lucius. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marcus. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Titus. Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth she mean.
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee;
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marcus. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Young Lucius. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her.
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad,
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear,
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books and fly, —
Causeless, perhaps. — But pardon me, sweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marcus. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Titus. How now, Lavinia! — Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see. —
Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marcus. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact; ay, more there was,
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Titus. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Young Lucius. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.

Marcus. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
[*Helping her.*
What would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marcus. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Titus. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? —

See, see!
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt —
O, had we never, never hunted there! —
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Marcus. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Titus. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marcus. Sit down, sweet niece; — brother, sit down by me. —
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —
My lord, look here; — look here, Lavinia.
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all. —
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift! —
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Titus. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'
Marcus. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Titus. Magne dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Marcus. O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; — Lavinia, kneel; —
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me — as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape —
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Titus. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware;
The dam will wake, and, if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus, let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,

And where 's your lesson, then? — Boy, what say you?
Young Lucius. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Marcus. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Young Lucius. And, uncle, so will I an if I live.
Titus. Come, go with me into mine armoury.
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Young Lucius. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Titus. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course. —
Lavinia, come. — Marcus, look to my house.
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*
Marcus. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him? —
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge. —
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Room in the Palace*

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON; *from the other side, young* LUCIUS, *and an* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them*

Chiron. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Lucius. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus. —
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Demetrius. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; what 's the news?

Young Lucius. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains marked with rape. — May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, — [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt young Lucius and Attendant.*

Demetrius. What 's here? A scroll, and written round about?

Let 's see:
[Reads] '*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.'
Chiron. O, 't is a verse in Horace, I know it well,
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace; right, you have it. —
[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit;
But let her rest in her unrest a while. —
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Demetrius. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.
Aaron. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Demetrius. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chiron. A charitable wish and full of love.
Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demetrius. Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Demetrius. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Demetrius. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a blackamoor* Child *in her arms*

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aaron. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace! —
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue!

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime;
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aaron. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue? —
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Demetrius. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chiron. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demetrius. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chiron. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demetrius. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point. —
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murtherous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Demetrius. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Demetrius. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chiron. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aaron. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears;

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light.
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Demetrius. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you.
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his?

Aaron. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself;
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away.

Go to the empress, tell her this I said.
[*He kills the Nurse.*
Weke, weke! so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.
Demetrius. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?
Aaron. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no;
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold.
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chiron. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Demetrius. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron bearing off the Nurse's body.*

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends. —
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts;
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *The Same. A Public Place*

Enter Titus, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him,* Marcus, *young* Lucius, Publius, Sempronius, Caius, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows*

Titus. Come, Marcus, come; — kinsmen, this is the way. —
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight. —
Terras Astræa reliquit;
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled. —
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea,
Yet there 's as little justice as at land. —

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. —
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. —
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd.
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marcus. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Publius. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Titus. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Publius. No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. —
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear;
And, sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs. —
Come, to this gear. — You are a good archer, Marcus;
[*He gives them the arrows.*
'*Ad Jovem*,' that 's for you; here, '*Ad Apollinem*;'
'*Ad Martem*,' that 's for myself. —
Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury;
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! — Marcus, loose when I bid. —
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.
Marcus. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Titus. Now, masters, draw. — [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marcus. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Titus. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marcus. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Titus. Why, there it goes! God give his lordship joy! —

Enter a Clown, *with a basket, and two pigeons in it*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. —
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Titus. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Titus. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Titus. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there; God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marcus. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Titus. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Titus. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor;
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink. — Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Titus. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Titus. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it. —
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. —
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will.

Titus. Come, Marcus, let us go. — Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Same. Before the Palace*

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Lords, *and others;* Saturninus *with the arrows in his hand that* Titus *shot*

Saturninus. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo, this to the god of war, —
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What 's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
He 'll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tamora. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. — [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all. —
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port. —

Enter Clown

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tamora. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'T is he. — God and Saint Stephen give you godden; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Saturninus. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tamora. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clown. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Saturninus. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne? — as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully! —
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege. —
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man,
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. — 60

Enter Æmilius

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmilius. Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Saturninus. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'T is he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tamora. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Saturninus. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Saturninus. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tamora. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. —
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador;
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Saturninus. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmilius. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tamora. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths. —
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Saturninus. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

AARON AND CHILD

ACT V

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome*

Enter LUCIUS *with an army of* Goths, *with drum and colours*

Lucius. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs ;

And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all. —
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON *with his Child in his arm*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor;
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!' — even thus he rates the babe, —
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Lucius. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust. —
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word? —
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Lucius. Too like the sire for ever being good. —
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal. —
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

Aaron. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Lucius. Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aaron. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
Lucius. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.
Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Lucius. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aaron. What if I do not? — as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him. Therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,

To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Lucius. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Lucius. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!
Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murther'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Lucius. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aaron. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 't was
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Lucius. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter;
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads,
Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

1 *Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Lucius. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day — and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse —
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Lucius. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Lucius. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth

3 *Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come near. —

Enter Æmilius

Welcome, Æmilius: what 's the news from Rome?

Æmilius. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Lucius. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. — March away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Rome. Before Titus's House*

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, *and* Chiron, *disguised*

Tamora. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs. —
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter Titus, *above*

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Titus. No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tamora. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Titus. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines ;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care ;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tamora. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murther and of death.
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape
Can couch for fear but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Titus. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tamora. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Titus. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murther stands ;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;

And then I 'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away
And find out murtherers in their guilty caves;
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea;
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

Tamora. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Titus. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rapine and Murther; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Titus. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tamora. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies. —
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, *below*

Titus. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee;
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house. —
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too. —
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tamora. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Demetrius. Show me a murtherer, I 'll deal with him.

Chiron. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tamora. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Titus. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him; he 's a murtherer. —
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher. —
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor.
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tamora. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Titus. Marcus, my brother! 't is sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are;
Tell him the emperor and the empress too

Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Marcus. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*
Tamora. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murther stay with me
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tamora. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.
Titus. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'ereach them in their own devices, —
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!
Demetrius. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.
Tamora. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit Tamora.*
Chiron. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Titus. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and others*

Publius. What is your will?

Titus. Know you these two?

Publius. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Titus. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius. —
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*

[*Publius, etc., lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chiron. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded. —
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, *with* LAVINIA; *he bearing a knife, and she a basin*

Titus. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound. —
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad;
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small

And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd. —
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. *Court of Titus's House. A Banquet set out*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON *prisoner*

Lucius. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Lucius. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Lucius. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, *and others*

Saturninus. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one?

Lucius. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marcus. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome;
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Saturninus. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table*

Titus. Welcome, my gracious lord;—welcome, dread queen;—
Welcome, ye warlike Goths;—welcome, Lucius;—
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Saturninus. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Titus. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tamora. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Titus. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Saturninus. It was, Andronicus.

Titus. Your reason, mighty lord?

Saturninus. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like. —
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*Kills Lavinia.*
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Saturninus. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Titus. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it now is done.

Saturninus. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Titus. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

Tamora. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Titus. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Saturninus. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Titus. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Kills Tamora.*

Saturninus. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*Kills Titus.*

Lucius. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*

Marcus. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words, —

[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Lucius. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murthered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave;
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child!

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, — show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmilius. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand, —
Lucius, our emperor; for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marcus. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life. —
[*To Attendants.*
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

Lucius. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task!
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. —
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marcus. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Lucius. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy.
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping!
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants *with* Aaron

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

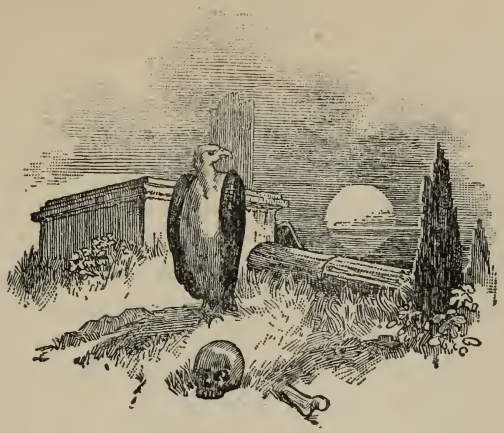
Lucius. Set him breast deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food.
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers

I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Lucius. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES



NOTES

Introduction

The Metre of the Play. — In the present play there are probably but few passages that are Shakespeare's; and the metre, except in those passages, is markedly inferior to his, even as we find it in the earliest work that can be confidently ascribed to him. I give, however, a sketch of the metre, as in the other plays.

It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by i. 1. 7 of the present play: "Then let my father's honours live in me."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of

five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in i. 1. 58: "And to the love and favour of my country." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *country*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. In i. 1. 201 ("Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery") we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *empery*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in i. 1. 1: "Noble patricians, patrons of my right," and 4: "Plead my successive title with your swords." In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in i. 1. 6, 9, and 14. In 6 and in 14 the word *The* and the third syllable of *imperial* are superfluous, and in 9 the second syllable of *followers* and *favourers*.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 3 and 6. In 3 the last syllable of *countrymen* and of *followers* and in 6 that of *diadem* are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the first syllable of *Bassianus* in 10, the last of *Capitol* in 12, of *consecrate* in 14, and of *continence* and *nobility* in 15.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by

another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, iv. 2. 101 ("For all the water in the ocean") appears to have only nine syllables, but *ocean* is a trisyllable; as again in iv. 3. 7: "Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets." This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line (there are several exceptions in this play, beside *ocean* in iv. 3. 7), and is most common in the earliest plays.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire* (see on i. 1. 127), *hair*, *hour* (three times in this play), *sire*, etc. If the word is repeated in a verse, it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable. (See also on v. 3. 156 of this play.)

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in i. 1. 240: "Lavinia will I make my empress" [emp(e)ress]; i. 1. 348: "Give Mutius burial with our brethren" [breth(e)ren]; ii. 3. 115: "Or be not henceforth called my children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er], etc. *Empress* is a trisyllable in three other passages in the present play (see index).

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 451; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in this play, v. 2. 132: "Now will I hence about the business" (so in several other plays); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals

and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance*, *horse* (for *horses*, as in ii. 2. 18 of this play, and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative like *great'st*, *high'st*, *quick'st*, *stern'st*, *secret'st*, etc., and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cónfine* (noun) and *confine*, *éxtreme* (see on v. 1. 113) and *extréme*, *sequéster* and *séquester* (see on ii. 3. 75), *cónduct* (noun) and *conduct* (see on iv. 4. 65), *distinct* and *distinct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct*, *impórtune*, *sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheúmatic*, *réceptacle* (see on i. 1. 92), etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 35, 62, 485, ii. 1. 9, 25, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598. There is none in this play, though it is of early date.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and

other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of some 2500 ten-syllable verses, about 120 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays. There are none in the present play, though it is a very early one.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes; as in 3 of the 14 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *yok'd* and *train'd* in i. 1. 30. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *surnamed*, i. 1. 23, and *chastised*, i. 1. 32, both words being trisyllables. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely made a separate syllable. *Sued* is a dissyllable in i. 1. 453.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. The present play, with the exception of about forty lines, is entirely in verse. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener

and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in this instance. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is better); Rolfe's *Life of Shakespeare* (1904); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902);

Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; not a mere juvenile book, but treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

Abbreviations in the Notes. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*,

compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

THE BALLAD OF "TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT."

The following is the ballad referred to on p. 16 above: —

"You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did return to Rome againe;
Of five and twenty sonnes I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore so pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husband's marriage-bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and grief began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight.

My deare Lavinia was betrothed then
To Cæsar's sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting, by the emperour's wife
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slain, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruel Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed
For to accuse them of the murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresse's two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
'The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre wherein I first was bred;
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they),
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines [1] a certaine space,
Until my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd."

[1] *Veines* — humours.

ACT I

SCENE I. — In the folio the play is divided into acts, the first of which is headed "*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*" In the quartos there is no division into acts or scenes.

4. *My successive title.* My title to the succession. Cf. *Sonn.* 127. 3 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 49. Steevens quotes Raleigh: "The empire being elective, and not successive," etc.

5. *I am his.* The reading of the quartos; the folio has "I was the." The 4th folio reads: "I was the first-born son of him that last Wore," etc., which Pope adopts, changing "was" to "am." For *wore* the quartos have "ware."

8. *Age.* "Seniority in point of age" (Boswell).

9. *Romans.* "As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the 17th century, this word is spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*. *Romaine* could hardly have been pronounced *roman*" (White).

14. *Consecrate.* Cf. ii. 1. 121 below. See also *Sonn.* 74. 6, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 134, etc.

15. *Continence.* S. does not use the word. He has *continency* in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 185 and *M. for M.* iii. 2. 185. In the present passage, "conscience" has been suggested as an emendation.

18. *Enter . . . aloft.* That is, in the balcony at the back of the Elizabethan stage, raised some eight or nine feet above the floor, with curtains in front of it, which could be drawn when necessary. This balcony served as window, gallery, upper chamber, tower or battlements of a castle, or any other place — even heaven itself — supposed to be above the level of the stage proper. It will be remembered that there was no movable painted scenery in those days.

19. *Empery.* Empire, imperial power; as in 201 below. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 226: "Ruling in large and ample empery," etc.

23. *Andronicus.* Throughout the play the accent is on the antepenult, not on the penult, where it properly belongs.

27. *Accited.* Summoned; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 141 : —

> " Our coronation done, we will accite,
> As I before remember'd, all our state."

32. *Chastised.* Accented on the first syllable, as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 331 : " And when this arm of mine has chastised," etc.

42. *Pretend.* Claim; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 57 : " Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?"

47. *Affy.* Confide. In *T. of S.* iv. 4. 49 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 80 (the only other instances in S.) it is = betroth.

51. *My thoughts.* Rowe has " our thoughts."

62. *Open the gates,* etc. Capell fills out the line by " brazen gates."

64. *Romans, make way.* Pope, Capell, and some others begin a new scene here.

68. *Where.* The quarto reading; " whence " in the folios.

70. *Thy mourning weeds!* Warburton changes *thy* to " my." Johnson says : " *Thy* is as well as *my.* We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits." *Weeds* = garments, as in ii. 1. 18, iii. 1. 43, and v. 3. 196 below.

71. *Fraught.* Freight. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 64 : " the Phœnix and her fraught; " *Oth.* iii. 3. 449 : " Swell, bosom, with thy fraught." We find *fraughtage* in the same sense in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 87 and *T. and C.* prol. 13. For the verb *fraught,* see *Temp.* i. 2. 13, *Cymb.* i. 1. 126, etc. S. does not use *freight* either as noun or as verb. *Her* is the reading of the 4th folio; the other early eds. have " his."

73. *Anchorage.* Here = anchor. The word occurs nowhere else in S.[1]

[1] In these notes, as a matter of convenience, I often refer to this play as Shakespeare's, though I believe that but little of it is really his.

74. *Bound.* Rowe omits the word.

77. *Thou great defender*, etc. "Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred" (Johnson).

80. *The number that King Priam had.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 175.

88. *Styx?* The infernal river is mentioned in *T. and C.* v. 4. 20 (cf. iii. 2. 10), and alluded to in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 45 : —

> "Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
> With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
> Unto the kingdom of perpetual night."

92. *Receptacle.* Accented on the first syllable; as in ii. 3. 235 below. See also *R. and J.* iv. 3. 39 and *Per.* iv. 6. 186 (the only other instances of the word in S.).

94. *Of mine hast thou.* The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "hast thou of mine."

98. *Ad manes fratrum.* To the departed spirits of the brothers. The quartos and 1st and 2d folios have "manus" for *manes.*

99. *Earthy.* The folios have "earthly."

101. *Nor we disturb'd*, etc. It was supposed by the ancients that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relatives, to solicit the rites of funeral.

106. *Passion.* Passionate grief; as in iii. 2. 48 below. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 118 : "passion's solemn tears." See also *Ham.* ii. 2. 541. For *son* the folios have "sonnes" or "sons."

117. *Wilt thou draw near*, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 184 fol. Wheatley (see p. 14 above) believes that 117–119 is Shakespeare's. Reed quotes *Edw. III.*, 1596 : —

> "kings approach the nearest unto God
> By giving life and safety unto men."

121. *Patient.* S. does not use the verb. Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 : "Patient yourself, we cannot help it now;" *Edw. I.*, 1599 : "Patient your highness, 't is but mother's love;" and Warner, *Albion's England*, 1602 : "Her, weeping ripe, he laughing bids to patient her awhile." See also the old play of

Ferrex and Porrex: "Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet," etc.

122. *Their.* The folios have "the."

127. *Fire.* A dissyllable; as often.

129. *Clean.* Quite, entirely. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "clean from the purpose," etc.

131. *Scythia.* Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 118: "The barbarous Scythian," etc.

132. *Not.* The folios have "me," and "lookes" or "looks" in 134.

138. *His tent.* The reading of all the early eds., changed to "her tent" by Theobald because, according to the old story, Hecuba decoyed Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other captive Trojan women were kept. Theobald supposed that the author of the play must have been indebted to the *Hecuba* of Euripides for the allusion; but, as Steevens suggests, he may have taken it from "the old story-book of the Trojan War or the old translation of Ovid (*Met.* xiii.)." He adds that the writer "may have been misled by the passage in Ovid, 'vadit ad *artificem*,' and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*."

141. *The bloody wrongs.* Rowe changes *the* to "her," and Capell conjectures "these." For *quit* = requite, cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 43, *Ham.* v. 2. 68, etc.

147. *Larums.* Commonly printed "'larums," but not in the early eds. here or elsewhere.

151. *Repose you here.* The early eds. add "in rest," which was probably an accidental insertion of the copyist or compositor. Pope was the first to strike it out.

154. *Grudges.* The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "drugges" (which may be right), and the 2d "grudgges."

159. *Tributary tears.* Repeated in iii. 1. 270 below. Cf. "tributary drops" in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 102.

164. *Fortunes.* The folios have "fortune."

165. *Reserv'd.* Changed by Hanmer to "preserv'd;" but

reserve is sometimes = preserve. Cf. *Sonn.* 32. 7, *Ham.* iii. 4. 75, etc.

168. *And fame's eternal date.* Warburton changed *And* to "In," in order to "make sense of this absurd wish." Johnson says: "To *outlive an eternal date* is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame."

170. *Triumpher.* For the accent on the penult, cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 199, the only instance of the word in S. See also *triumphing* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 35, *triumph'd* in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 15, etc.

177. *Solon's happiness.* Alluding, as Malone notes, to his saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death. Cf. Ovid: —

> "ultima semper
> Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
> Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

182. *Palliament.* Robe (from Latin *pallium*); the only instance of the word in S. It may have been coined by the author, as Nares suggests.

185. *Candidatus.* An affected allusion to the origin of the word *candidate* (Latin *candidus*, white). S. does not use *candidate.*

189. *What.* Why; as often. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 15, *J. C.* ii. 1. 123, etc.

190. *Chosen.* The sensitive ear of Rowe could not tolerate this, so he changed it to "chose." *Proclamations* is here metrically five syllables. This lengthening of a word is rare except at the end of a line. See p. 145 above.

192. *Abroad.* The 3d and 4th folios have "abroach."

201. *Obtain and ask.* Obtain by mere asking. A case of "hysteron-proteron," as it stands (cf. "dies and lives" in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 7); but the extra foot in the line suggests possible corruption. The proposed emendations, however, are not worth noting.

214. *Friends.* The reading of 3d folio; "friend" in the earlier eds.

217. *People's tribunes.* The folios have "noble tribunes."

219. *Friendly.* Often used adverbially. Cf. iv. 2. 40 below.

221. *Gratulate.* Make glad. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 10: "To gratulate the gentle princes there," etc. Rowe gives the speech to *Marcus.*

223. *Suit.* The quartos and 3d folio have "sute," the 1st and 2d folios "sure."

224. *Create.* Elect; not elsewhere used in this sense without the name of the office. Cf. 228 below.

226. *Titan's.* The sun's. Cf. ii. 4. 31 below, and *R. and J.* ii. 3. 4, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 166, *V. and A.* 177, etc.

230. *Sort.* Class, rank. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 174, *J. C.* i. 1. 62, etc.

235. *Election.* A quadrisyllable. See on 190 above.

237. *Gentleness.* Kindness.

238. *For an onset.* For a beginning. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 94: "To give the onset to thy good advice."

240. *Empress.* A trisyllable; as in 320, ii. 1. 20, ii. 3. 66, iv. 2. 143, etc., below, but not in the other plays. Cf. "emperesse" on p. 152 above. See also on 320 and 348 below.

242. *Pantheon.* The reading of 4th folio; the quartos and 1st folio have "Pathan," the 2d and 3d folios "Panthæon." In 333 below, all the early eds. except 4th folio have "Panthean." Here the accent is properly on the first syllable, but in 333 on the second. S. does not use the word.

243. *Motion.* Proposal; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 55, 231, etc.

250. *Imperious.* The 2d quarto and folios have "imperiall." Cf. iv. 4. 81 and v. 1. 6 below.

252. *Thy feet.* The folios have "my feet."

258. *Are you.* The 1st folio misprints "are your," and "make your" in 269 below.

264. *Cheer.* Face; the original sense of the word.

269. *Can make,* etc. *Who* can make, etc.

271. *Sith.* Since. Cf. 323 below.

Steevens remarks here : " It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose anew ; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora [ii. 3. 66 fol.] is of so coarse a nature that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice." She is not one of Shakespeare's women.

280. *Cuique.* The reading of 2d folio. The 1st quarto has " cuiqum," and the 2d quarto and 1st folio have " cuiquam."

Cuique is here a trisyllable. " *Cui* and *huic* were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, . . . and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models " (Walker).

288. *Safe.* Pope reads " secure ; " but *door* may be a dissyllable, like *fire* in 127 above.

291. Here the Cambridge ed. has the following stage-direction: " *During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*"

301. *By leisure.* In no hurry. Elsewhere we have *at leisure* in this sense ; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 11 and *K. John*, v. 6. 27.

304. *Make a stale.* Make a *stale*, or laughing-stock, of. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 260: " Had he none else to make a stale but me ? " The quartos and 1st folio read " Was none in Rome to make a stale ; " the later folios, " Was there none els in Rome to make a stale of." Walker conjectures " What, was there none in Rome to make a stale," etc.

309. *Piece.* Used in contempt ; as (with a sort of quibble) in *T. and C.* iv. 1. 62. Steevens quotes Browne, *Brit. Pastorals:* " her husband, weaken'd piece," etc. Elsewhere it is = masterpiece ; as in *Lear*, iv. 6. 137, *Temp.* i. 2. 56, etc.

313. *Ruffle.* " To be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A *ruffler*

was a boisterous swaggerer" (Malone). Cf. *Mirrour for Magistrates*:—

"To Britaine over seas from Rome went I,
To quaile the Picts, that ruffled in that ile."

See also *Lear*, iii. 7. 41.

316. *Phœbe.* The quartos and 1st folio have "Thebe." For *Phœbe* as applied to Diana, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 39 and *M. N. D.* i. 1. 209.

320. *Empress.* See on 240 above. Here the 2d quarto prints "Emperesse," and the 3d and 4th folios "Emperess."

325. *Stand.* Changed by Pope to "stands."

333. *Pantheon.* See on 242 above. Walker conjectures "the Pantheon," which would be in keeping with the pronunciation in 242.

338. *Bid.* Invited. Cf. v. 2. 193 below.

340. *Challenged.* Accused; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 42:—

"Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance."

348. *Brethren.* A trisyllable. Cf. *children* in ii. 3. 115 below.

351. *Re-edified.* Restored or rebuilt. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 71:—

"He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified."

360. *Vouch it.* The first three folios have "vouch'd it," and Rowe reads "vouch't."

368. *He is not with himself.* "Much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*" (Boswell). The folios omit *with*.

372. *Speed.* Thrive, gain their suit. Cf. ii. 1. 101 below.

379. *Upon advice.* On reflection, or deliberation. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6:—

"My lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring," etc.

380. *Wise Laertes' son.* Ulysses. Theobald and Steevens see here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no English

translation is known so early as the time of S. "In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains." The folios omit *wise*.

381. *Funerals*. Obsequies. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 105: "His funerals shall not be in our camp." Elsewhere S. uses the singular; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 47, *K. John*, v. 7. 98, etc.

391. *Dumps*. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 129: "And doleful dumps the mind oppress," etc. For *dump* as applied to mournful music, see *T. G. of V.* ii. 2. 85: "a deploring dump," etc.

396. *Beholding*. Beholden; as regularly in S.

398. *Yes*, etc. Dyce, White, and Hudson give this line (which is not in the quartos) to *Marcus*. Malone was the first to suggest this change, which is plausible but not absolutely necessary. It is natural enough that Titus should answer his own question, which is merely a rhetorical interrogation.

399. *Play'd your prize*. "A technical term in the ancient fencing-school" (Steevens). In *M. of V.* iii. 2. 142 ("contending in a prize"), we find *prize* = contest, or competition.

416. *Opinion*. Public opinion, or reputation; as often. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 42, iv. 1. 77, v. 4. 48, etc.

420. *To be controll'd*. At being checked, or restrained. Cf. iii. 1. 260 below.

430. *Indifferently*. Impartially. Cf. the adjective in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 116 and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 17.

433. *Put it up*. Put up with it. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 181: "nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered."

434. *Forfend*. Forbid. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 32, 186, *Cymb.* v. 5. 287, etc.

435. *Author to dishonour*. The cause of dishonouring. We find *author* applied even to things in this sense; as in *A. and C.* ii. 6. 138: "that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance," etc.

436. *Undertake.* Answer, vouch. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 163: "I will . . . undertake your ben venuto," etc.

440. *Suppose.* For the noun, cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 120 and *T. and C.* i. 3. 11.

447. *You.* The 2d quarto and folios have "us."

449. *Entreats.* The noun occurs again in 483 below. It is not found in S. except in the quarto of *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 225, where the folio has "entreaties."

453. *Sued.* A dissyllable. S. rarely lengthens such monosyllables.

462. *Incorporate.* For the form, cf. *V. and A.* 540, *J. C.* i. 3. 135, etc.

476. *Tendering.* Having regard to, or care for. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 32: "Tendering the precious safety of my prince," etc.

485. *Stand up.* Pope (followed by Dyce and others) omits these words, taking them to be a stage-direction, which is not improbable. In the early eds. they begin line 486. Capell was the first to make them a separate line.

488. *Part.* Depart; as often. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 77: "Thus losers part," etc.

491. *Love-day.* Day of reconciliation.

494. *Bonjour.* Good-morning (Fr.). Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 46.

495. *Gramercy.* Great thanks (Fr. *grand merci*). Cf. iv. 2. 7 below. See also *M. of V.* ii. 2. 128, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 108, etc.

ACT II

Scene I. — 1. *Olympus.* Used particularly to express height, literally or figuratively. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 74, iv. 3. 92, *Cor.* v. 3. 30, and *Ham.* v. 1. 277.

3. *Secure of.* Safe from. On *thunder's crack*, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 203: "the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring," etc.

4. *Above.* The 1st folio misprints "about."

7. *Glistering.* S. does not use *glisten.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 65, *W. T.* iii. 2. 71, iv. 1. 14, etc.

8. *Highest-peering.* Cf. *still-peering* in *A. W.* iii. 2. 113. The early eds. have "highest piering" (or "piring").

10. *Wit.* The word is often used for "mental faculty, intellectual power of any kind" (Schmidt). Warburton (followed by Hanmer and others) would change it here to "will;" but cf. 120 below. See also iv. 4. 35.

13. *Mount.* Hudson adopts Walker's conjecture of "soar."

14. *Pitch.* A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. For the literal use, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 11: "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch," etc.; and for the figurative, as here, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 109: "How high a pitch his resolution soars!"

16. *Charming.* "He is adverting, not to the *beauty* of his eyes, but to the quality of *fascination* which the eye was once supposed to possess" (Staunton). Cf. *Cymb.* i. 3. 35: "charming words," etc.

17. *Prometheus.* We have allusions to the story of Prometheus in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 304, 351, and *Oth.* v. 2. 12.

18. *Weeds.* Garments. Cf. i. 1. 70 above. For *servile* the 2d quarto and folios have "idle."

20. *Empress.* The quartos spell it "emperesse." See on i. 1. 240 and 320 above.

22. *Semiramis.* The Assyrian queen was proverbial for her voluptuousness as well as her cruelty. Cf. ii. 3. 118 below. See also *T. of S.* ind. 2. 41.

24. *Shipwrack.* The only spelling in the early eds. So *wreck* is always "wrack."

26. *Want.* The reading of the 2d folio; "wants" in the earlier eds.

28. *Affected.* Loved; as often. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82, *Much Ado*, i. 1. 298, etc.

29. *Thou dost overween.* Thou art arrogant or presumptuous;

as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 149: "Mowbray, you overween to take it so," etc. For the infinitive that follows, cf. i. 1. 420 above.

30. *Braves.* Threats, bravado; as in *T. of S.* iii. 1. 15: "I will not bear these braves of thine," etc.

35. *Approve.* Prove; as often. Cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 4, *Oth.* ii. 3. 211, etc.

37. *Clubs, clubs!* "The usual outcry for assistance, when a riot in the street happened" (Steevens). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 53, etc.

38. *Unadvis'd.* Inconsiderate, rash. Cf. *well advised* in iv. 2. 10 below, and *advise thee* (= consider, bethink thyself) in iv. 2. 129.

39. *Dancing-rapier.* A sword worn only for ornament. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 32 and *A. and C.* iii. 11. 36. Steevens quotes Greene, *Quip for an Upstart Courtier:* "one of them carrying his cutting-sword of choller, the other his dancing-rapier of delight."

48. *Wot.* Know. Cf. iii. 1. 139 and v. 2. 87 below. The participle *wotting* occurs in *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.

49. *Million.* A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 190 and 235 above.

53. *Put up.* That is, "put up your swords" (*R. and J.* i. 1. 72, etc.).

Not I, etc. Warburton gave this speech to *Chiron* and the next to *Demetrius,* on the ground that it was the latter who had reproached the former.

55. *Those.* The 2d quarto and folios have "these."

62. *Brabble.* Brawl, quarrel. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 68: "in private brabble," etc. For *petty,* the first three folios have "pretty."

64. *Jet upon.* To intrude upon, "treat with insolence" (Schmidt). The quartos have "iet," and the folios "set." Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 51.

70. *This discord's ground.* There is a play upon the musical sense of *ground* (= "plain-song," or theme), for which see *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 49.

76. *Impatient.* A quadrisyllable. See on 49 above.

80. *Achieve.* Win; often used of success in love. Cf. *M. of V.*

iii. 2. 210, *Oth.* ii. 1. 61, etc. *Propose* = look forward to, be ready to meet.

82. *She is a woman*, etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 77: —

> " She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;
> She is a woman, therefore to be won ; "

and *Rich. III.* i. 2. 229: —

> " Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
> Was ever woman in this humour won ? "

85. *More water*, etc. There is a Scotch proverb, " Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps ; " and another, " It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf." *Shive* = slice. Steevens quotes Warner, *Albion's England:* " A sheeve of bread as brown as nut." Collier notes that both proverbs are found in *The Cobbler of Canterbury*, 1590: " Thus the prior and the Smithes wife contented and enjoying their harts desire, the poore Smith loved her not a whit the worse, neither did he suspect anything, for the blind eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots not on. . . . By this the Prior perceived, that the scull had cut a shive on his loafe."

89. *Have worn.* The later folios read " have yet worn." " Vulcanus' " and " old Vulcan's " have also been proposed to eke out the measure. Malone made *worn* a dissyllable. *Vulcan's badge* is of course the " horns " of the cuckold.

97. *Would you had hit it too!* For the play upon *hit*, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 120, 123–126, *T. and C.* i. 2. 293, and *R. and J.* ii. 1. 33.

100. *Square.* Quarrel ; as in 124 below. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 30: " they do square," etc.

101. *That both should speed.* Omitted in the folios.

103. *For that you jar.* For that which you are jarring about.

105. *Affect.* Desire, aspire to. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 24, iii. 3. 1, iv. 6. 32, etc.

110. *Than.* The early eds. have " this ; " corrected by Rowe.

112. *Solemn.* Formal, arranged for the court. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 187, etc.

114. *Spacious.* A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 190 above.

116. *By kind.* "By nature" (Johnson). See *A. W.* i. 3. 67, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 109, etc.

120. *Sacred.* It seems to me more in keeping with Aaron's character to consider this ironical than to explain it as a Latinism (= accursed), as Malone, Hudson, and some others do.

121. *Consecrate.* Cf. i. 1. 14 above.

123. *File our engines,* etc. "That is, remove all impediments from our designs by advice" (Steevens). The allusion is to the use of the file for smoothing the working parts of machinery.

126. *The house of Fame.* Doubtless an allusion to Chaucer's poem with that title (Verity).

127. *And ears.* The 2d quarto and folios have "of ears."

133. *Sit fas aut nefas.* Be it right or wrong; a common Latin phrase. The folios have "sy" or "si" for *sit.*

134. *These.* The 2d quarto and folios have "their."

135. *Per Styga,* etc. I am borne through the Styx, through the regions of the dead. Hudson says that "these scraps of Latin are taken, with slight changes, from some of Seneca's tragedies;" apparently following Steevens, who says he "believes" so. No one, so far as I am aware, has been able to trace this bit to its source, though it appears to be a quotation.

Scene II. — 1. *Grey.* Some critics (as Delius, Dyce, and Hudson) will have it that *grey* here, and in sundry other passages, means "blue;" but I see no reason why the word should not have its ordinary meaning. The *grey,* as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 419, *J. C.* ii. 1. 103, and *R. and J.* iii. 5. 19, is the familiar poetic grey of the early morning before sunrise. Whether ascribed, as in *R. and J.* ii. 3. 1, to the eyes of the morn, or, as in Milton's *Lycidas,* to her sandals, does not matter. With regard to such passages as *V. and A.* 140 ("Mine eyes are grey and bright"), *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 197

("Her eyes are grey as glass"), *T. N.* i. 5. 266 ("two grey eyes"), etc., there may be room for question; but even in these I think, with Schmidt, that the word "may well have the modern signification." Warburton explains *bright and grey* as "bright, and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *grey*, which foretold fair weather;" and Boswell adds the proverbial saying: —

> "An evening red and a morning grey
> Are the signs of a fair coming day."

3. *Uncouple.* Set loose the hounds. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 112 and *V. and A.* 674. *Bay* is here = barking; the only instance of the *noun* in this sense in S.

9. *I have been troubled*, etc. This is like Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments; and the passage may be his.

17. *Broad.* Omitted in the folios.

18. *Horse.* The contracted plural; as in 23 below. See p. 146 above.

24. *Run.* The quartos and 1st folio have "runnes."

Scene III. — 3. *Inherit.* Possess; as often. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 30, *Cymb.* iii. 2. 63, etc.

11. *Make a gleeful boast.* "Vies in glee" (Herford).

13. *Rolled.* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 228: "Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank." See also *unroll* in 35 below.

15. *Chequer'd.* Steevens quotes Milton, *L'All.* 96: "Dancing in the chequer'd shade."

20. *Yelping.* The quartos have "yellowing," and Pope reads "yelling."

22. *The wandering prince.* That is, Æneas. See Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 165 fol.

23. *Happy.* Lucky, opportune. Cf. iv. 2. 32 below. See also *R. and J.* v. 3. 168: "O happy dagger!" etc.

31. *Dominator.* Ruler; an astrological word, like *predominant* (see *W. T.* i. 2. 202, etc.), and *predominance* (see *Macb.* ii.

4. 8, etc.). Armado uses it affectedly in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 222. On *Saturn*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 286: "Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!" See also *Cymb.* ii. 5. 12. Collins quotes Greene, *Planetomachia*, 1585: "The star of Saturn is especially cooling."

32. *Deadly-standing.* With deadly stare. The hyphen was inserted by Theobald. Cf. *deadly-handed* in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 9.

36. *Execution?* Metrically six syllables. See on i. 1. 190 above. Cf. 50 below.

37. *Venereal.* The only instance of the word in the plays.

39. *Hammering.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 18: "Whereon this month I have been hammering," etc.

43. *Philomel.* Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue that she might not expose him. See the allusions to the story in ii. 4. 43, iv. 1. 47 fol., and v. 2. 195 below. Cf. also *Cymb.* ii. 2. 46 and *R. of L.* 1128 fol.

47. *Fatal-plotted.* First hyphened by Theobald.

49. *Parcel.* Part; as in *Cor.* iv. 5. 231: "a parcel of their feast," etc. The word is sometimes = party (of persons). See *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 160, *M. of V.* i. 2. 119, etc.

50. *Dreads.* Pope reads "dread."

55. *Who.* Whom; as often. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 30: "For who love I so much?"

56. *Her.* The 2d quarto and folios have "our."

62. *Presently.* Instantly. Cf. iv. 2. 166, iv. 4. 45, v. 1. 146, and v. 3. 59 below.

63. *Actæon's.* For other allusions to the Theban prince transformed to a stag by Diana, see *M. W.* ii. 1. 122 and iii. 2. 44. Capell changes *was* to "were."

64. *Drive upon.* Attack, or "rush pell-mell upon" (Staunton). The 2d quarto and the folios have "his" for *thy*.

66. *Empress.* See on i. 1. 240 above.

68. *And to be doubted.* And it is to be suspected; a common meaning of *doubt*.

69. *Are singled forth.* Explained by Herford as = "have stolen

out;" but I think it simply means "are singled out," or are destined.

72. *Swarth.* The folio reading; the quartos have "swartie" and "swarty."

Cimmerian ("Cymerion" in the quartos and 1st folio) is not found elsewhere in S.

75. *Sequester'd.* Accented on the first syllable, like the noun *sequester* in *Oth.* iii. 4. 40. The verb in the only other instances in S. (*A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 33 and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 8) has the modern accent.

77. *Obscure.* Accented on the first syllable, because followed by an accented syllable. Cf. *extreme* in v. 1. 113 below.

78. *Accompanied but with.* S. always has *with*, not *by*, with the passive of *accompany*. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 6, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 52, *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 59, etc.

83. *Joy.* Enjoy; but not a contraction of that word. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 6. 26, *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 59, etc.

85. *Note.* The early eds. have "notice;" corrected by Pope.

86. *Noted long.* "He had yet been married but one night" (Johnson).

87. *Abus'd!* Deceived; as often. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc.

88. *Have I.* The reading of 2d folio; "I have" in the earlier eds.

92. *Tic'd.* Enticed. It is commonly printed "'tic'd;" but it is not a contraction of *entice*.

93. *Barren detested.* Rowe reads "barren and detested," and Capell (followed by Hudson) "bare, detested."

95. *O'ercome.* Covered.

Baleful mistletoe. On account of the old notion that its berries were poisonous; or perhaps from its connection with the savage rites of Druidism (Verity).

97. *Fatal.* Ill-omened, foreboding mischief or death.

101. *Urchins.* Hedgehogs. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 326 and ii. 2. 5.

103. *As.* That; as often after *such* or *so.*

104. *Should straight fall mad,* etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 3. 45 fol.

115. *Children* is a trisyllable; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 360. Cf. *brethren* in i. 1. 348 above.

118. *Semiramis.* See on ii. 1. 22 above.

124. *Stood upon.* "Plumed herself, or presumed upon; as in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies,* 1608: 'This jest made them laugh more, and the rayther that shee stood upon her marriage, and disdained all the gallants there,' etc." (Staunton).

126. *And with that painted hope,* etc. The reading of the quartos and 1st folio, and probably corrupt ("obelized" in the Globe ed.). The 2d folio inserts "she" before *braves.* Warburton and Theobald change *hope* to "cope." Capell reads "And with that paint now braves," and Steevens conjectures "And with that painted, braves." White conjectures "faint" for *painted.* Johnson explains *painted hope* as "specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid." This is perhaps the best that can be done for the old text, and is at least as satisfactory as any of the proposed emendations.

131. *Ye desire.* The quartos and 1st folio have "we desire."

132. *Outlive ye, both.* The early eds. have "outlive us both," which Theobald (followed by most of the eds.) retains, with a comma after *outlive;* but that pointing makes an awkward break in the verse. The text is the reading of Dyce.

133. *You.* Omitted by Pope.

136. *Woman's.* The quartos have "womans," the 1st folio "woman."

143. *Learn.* Changed by Pope to "teach;" but *learn* was often used in that sense. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 365: "For learning me your language," etc.

144. *Suck'dst.* The early eds. have "suckst" or "suck'st."

148. *A bastard.* "Lavinia says nothing about Chiron's father;

but his reply would justify the belief that Tamora had played false with a true Milesian. How was he to prove himself a *bastard* by being unlike *his mother?*" (White).

160. *Obdurate.* Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 8, etc.

162. *Even.* A dissyllable. The 2d folio reads "am I now pitiless;" but that throws the emphatic *his* into an unaccented place in the measure.

172. *Fond.* Foolish; the most common meaning in S.

173. *Present.* Instant. Cf. *presently* in 62 above.

191. *Spleenful.* "Hot, eager" (Schmidt); as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 128: "Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny," etc. Cf. *spleen* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 68, 448, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 50, etc. For *trull* (= drab, harlot), cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 28, *Cymb.* v. 5. 177, etc.

199. *Rude-growing.* Hyphened by Pope.

207. *Give.* The early eds. read "have;" corrected by Steevens.

211. *Uncouth.* Strange, perplexing. The word is accented on the first syllable here, as in *R. of L.* 1598 and *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 6, the only other instances of it in S. See on 77 above.

214. *True-divining.* The hyphen was inserted by Theobald.

222. *Embrewed.* Imbrued, soaked in blood.

223. *On a heap.* In a heap. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 101: "When I have laid proud Athens on a heap," etc.

227. *A precious ring*, etc. "There is supposed to be a gem called a *carbuncle*, which emits not reflected but native light" (Johnson). Steevens quotes the *Gesta Romanorum:* "He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle in the hall that lighted all the house;" and Drayton, *Muses' Elysium:*—

> "that admired, mighty stone,
> The carbuncle that 's named,
> Which from it such a flaming light
> And radiancy ejecteth,
> That in the very darkest night
> The eye to it directeth,"

The *carbuncle* is mentioned in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 138, *Cor.* i. 4. 55, *Ham.* ii. 2. 485, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 189.

229. *Earthy.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "earthly."

231. *Pyramus.* The lover of Thisbe. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 12, 24, etc.

236. *Cocytus.* The only mention of the infernal river in S. The quartos and 1st folio have "Ocitus," and the 2d and 3d folios "Cocitus."

242. *Nor I.* Pope reads "And I." The double negative is common in S. and his contemporaries.

243. *Loose.* Loose my hold. Rowe reads "lose," and Capell conjectures "loose 't."

255. *Chase.* Hunting-ground; the only instance of this meaning in S.

256. *Hour.* A dissyllable. See on i. 1. 127 and 288 above. For *him* the 1st quarto has "them," as both quartos do in the next line.

258. *Out, alas!* Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 37: "Out, alas! here comes my master;" *Oth.* v. 2. 119: "Out and alas!" etc.

265. *The complot.* The plot. Cf. v. 1. 65 and v. 2. 147 below. S. accents the word on either syllable, as suits the measure.

For *timeless* = untimely, cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 162, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 5, etc.

274. *Decreed.* Resolved, determined. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 35: "I have decreed not to sing in my cage," etc.

275. *Purchase us.* Win us as. Cf. *R. of L.* 963: "purchase thee a thousand friends;" *J. C.* ii. 1. 145: "purchase us a good opinion," etc.

279. *Should have murther'd.* Was to murder. The early eds. all have "murthered," as also in 300 below.

285. *Torturing.* Spelled "tortering" in the quartos and earlier folios, as it was doubtless pronounced.

291. *Fault.* The early eds. have "faultes" or "faults;" corrected by Theobald.

305. *Fear not.* Fear not for. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 122: "do not fear our person," etc.

SCENE IV. — 3. *Bewray.* Reveal, show; as in v. 1. 28 below.

5. *Scrowl.* The quartos have "scrowle," and the folios "scowle" or "scowl." *Scrowl* is regarded by Schmidt as "an unintelligible reading;" but it may possibly be equivalent to *scroll*, as some editors make it. Some make it = scrawl or change it to "scrawl."

6. *Sweet water.* Perfumed water. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 14.

9. *Case.* The early eds. have "cause;" corrected by Pope.

12. *Cousin.* Here = niece. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 143: "Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!" It was used for almost any relative, male or female, except the very nearest.

13. *If I do dream*, etc. "If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking" (Johnson).

14. *Some planet strike*, etc. An astrological allusion. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "then no planets strike," etc.

17. *Have lopp'd.* The early eds. all have "Hath" for *Have*, and that reading might perhaps stand. Some regard it as an "old 3d person plural in *-th*."

21. *Have.* The early eds. have "halfe" or "half;" corrected by Theobald.

24. *Rosed.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 323: "a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty."

26. *Tereus.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1134 and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 45. The story was familiar through Golding's translation of *Ovid* and Gascoigne's *Complaynt of Philomene*, 1576.

27. *Detect him.* Expose him. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 143: "To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart," etc. For *him* the early eds. have "them;" corrected by Rowe.

30. *Three.* The early eds. have "theyr" or "their;" corrected by Hanmer.

31. *Titan's face.* See on i. 1. 226 above.

34. *Heart.* The reading of 3d folio; "hart" in the earlier eds.

Heart may be = what is in the *heart*, or mind. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 33: "Tongue far from heart;" *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 14: "what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks," etc.

38. *Philomela, she.* See on ii. 3. 43 above. The 1st quarto has "Philomela, why she;" and the Cambridge ed. reads "Philomel, why she."

40. *Mean.* Often = means; but S. uses the plural oftener.

41. *Cousin, hast thou met.* The 2d quarto omits *cousin;* and the folio, to fill out the measure, reads "met withall." Such little points as this show that the folio text was printed from the 2d quarto. Cf. p. 10 above.

46. *Kiss them.* Cf. *Sonn.* 128. 6.

49. *Which that sweet tongue hath made.* Hanmer (followed by Hudson) "pads out" the line thus: "Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made."

50. *Fell.* For the participle, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 265 and *Lear*, iv. 6. 54. Hanmer "corrects" it to "fall'n."

51. *Cerberus.* The triple-headed dog of the infernal regions, alluded to also in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 593, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 182, and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 37. The reference here is to his being lulled to sleep by the music of Orpheus, *the Thracian poet.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 80, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 3, etc.

54. *Hour's.* A dissyllable. Cf. ii. 3. 256 above.

ACT III

SCENE I. — 9. *Are not.* The quartos and 1st folio have "is not;" corrected in 2d folio.

10. *Two and twenty.* Lettsom figures out that this should be "one and twenty," which Hudson accordingly puts in the text.

12. *For these, these, tribunes.* The quartos and 1st folio omit the second *these*, which the 2d folio supplied.

13. *Languor.* A word not used by S.

17. *Urns.* The early eds. have "ruines" or "ruins;" corrected by Hanmer.

23. *O gentle.* Rowe omits *O.* The *Variorum* of 1821 has "gentle-aged-men," and some one has suggested "aged gentlemen."

36. *And bootless unto them.* The reading of the 1st quarto. The 2d quarto changes *And* to "All." The 1st folio (followed by the others) gives the passage thus: —

> "*Ti.* Why 't is no matter man, if they did heare
> They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
> They would not pitty me.
> Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones."

Capell reads: "All bootless unto them, they would not pity me." Dyce conjectures "And bootless unto them since I complain." The Cambridge ed. prints "And bootless unto them . . . ," and the Globe "obelizes" the line as hopelessly corrupt.

40. *For that.* Because that. Cf. *for* in v. 1. 74 below.

43. *Weeds.* Garments. Cf. i. 1. 70 and ii. 1. 18 above.

45. *Soft as wax.* The folios have "as soft wax."

59. *Aged.* The 2d quarto and folios have "noble."

64. *Ay me.* Hudson and some others print "Ah me," which is found in the early eds. only in *R. and J.* v. 1. 10 (in *Id.* i. 1. 167, ii. 1. 10, ii. 2. 25, and iii. 2. 36, we find *Ay me*).

66. *Speak, my Lavinia.* The reading of 2d folio; the earlier eds. omit *my.*

71. *Nilus.* The form is often used in *A. and C.;* as in i. 2. 49, i. 3. 69, ii. 7. 23, etc. Elsewhere in that play, and in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 27, S. has *Nile.*

72. *I'll chop.* Steevens conjectured "or chop," because Titus, after chopping off one hand, would not be able to chop off the other! Cf. 77, 78 just below.

75. *Prayer.* A dissyllable, like *hour* in ii. 4. 54 above.

80. *Is.* Changed by Rowe and others to "are."

82. *Engine.* Instrument; as often. Cf. *V. and A.* 367: "Once more the engine of her thoughts began," etc.

86. *Sweet varied.* Walker would read "sweet-varied."

90. *Unrecuring.* Incurable. Cf. *unrecalling* in *R. of L.* 993. For *recure* = cure, cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 130, *V. and A.* 465, and *Sonn.* 45. 9.

91. *Deer.* For the play on *dear*, cf. *V. and A.* 231, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, *Macb.* iv. 3. 206, etc.

92. *Kill'd me dead.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 194 and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 269.

97. *His.* Its; as often before *its* came into general use.

101. *Spurn.* Thrust, hurt; as in *T. of A.* i. 2. 146.

105. *Lively.* Living; as in *Sonn.* 67. 10, etc. Here *lively body* is opposed to the lifeless *picture.* Staunton quotes Massinger, *Fatal Dowry*, ii. 1: —

> "That his dear father might interment have,
> See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!"

112. *Honey-dew.* The hyphen is not in the early eds. S. does not use the word, but cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 230: "the honey-heavy dew of slumber."

115. *Knows them.* The 2d quarto and folios have "knows him."

125. *As.* The early eds. all have "in;" corrected by Collier.

134. *Misery.* The folios have "miseries."

139. *Wot.* See on ii. 1. 86 above.

140. *Napkin.* Handkerchief; the only meaning in S.

146. *With his.* The reading of the 4th folio; "with her" in the earlier eds.

149. *Limbo.* "The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools" (Reed). See *P. L.* iii.

495. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 261: "and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what;" *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 67: "I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum;" and *C. of E.* iv. 2. 32: "No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell." The word is still used as a cant term for prison.

160. *I'll send*, etc. Capell reads "I'll send the king my hand."

170. *Castle.* Theobald reads "casque" and Hudson "casques" (the conjecture of Lettsom). Walker suggests "crests." Schmidt explains thus: "Each hand of yours has been employed in defending Rome and in assailing and destroying the strongholds of enemies." The term *castle* appears to have been sometimes applied to a kind of close helmet, and some see that sense here as well as in *T. and C.* v. 2. 187. Nares cites Holinshed: "Then suddenlie with a great noise of trumpets entered Sir Thomas Knevet in a castell of cole blacke."

192. *Hour.* A dissyllable, as in ii. 3. 256 and ii. 4. 54 above. Cf. *power* in 209 below.

210. *Wilt.* The quartos have "would."

217. *Is not my sorrow*, etc. Walker conjectures "Are not my sorrows," etc.

225. *Coil?* Ado, disturbance. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 100, *Temp.* i. 2. 207, etc.

226. *Blow?* The reading of 2d folio; "flow" in earlier eds.

231. *For why*, etc. I follow the pointing of the early eds. Some give "For why?" but it is often = because.

240. *That woe*, etc. *So* that woe, etc.

245. *Some deal.* Somewhat; formerly printed as one word. Cf. Phaer, *Virgil*, 1600: "But for Æneas love with me somedeale I like she burne;" Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Dec.: "Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth," etc.

250. *Breathe!* The reading of 4th folio; the earlier eds. have "breath."

252. *Starved.* Benumbed with cold; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343: "I fear me you but warm the starved snake."

257. *Dear.* Often used of disagreeable affections; but here Hanmer's "dire" is plausible.

260. *Thy griefs.* The early eds. have "my griefs;" corrected by Theobald. *Control* = restrain; as in v. 1. 26 below.

261. *Rent.* The reading of all the early eds., generally changed to "rend," of which it is an old form. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 215, *Rich. III.* i. 2. 126 (folios), etc.

262. *Gnawing.* Capell has "Gnaw."

269. *Usurp upon.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 271: "On wholesome life usurp immediately;" and *Per.* iii. 2. 82: "Death may usurp on nature many hours."

282. *Employ'd in these things.* The folio reading; the quartos have "in these Armes." The Cambridge editors say: "Perhaps the original MS. had as follows: —

> "'And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imploy'd,
> Bear thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth.'

The author or some other corrector, to soften what must have been ludicrous in representation, wrote 'Armes' above 'teeth' as a substitute for the latter. The printer of the 1st quarto took 'Armes' to belong to the first line, and conjecturally filled up the lacuna with 'in these,' making also an accidental alteration in the position of 'thou.' Then a corrector of the 2d quarto, from which the 1st folio was printed, made sense of the passage by substituting 'things' for 'Armes.'" Lettsom conjectures that the original reading was "Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this," and that "*arms* and *things* were sophistications to produce something like sense." Even if the first line was originally as he suggests, the "armes" may have got into it by being written above *teeth* as an emendation. The carrying of the hand by the *teeth* could hardly have survived a representation of the play on the stage. It was not only ludicrous, but unnecessary, for Lavinia could easily have carried the hand between her arms. A good conjectural reading would therefore be: —

"Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy arms."

Capell changes *teeth* to "arms." White adopts Dyce's conjecture, "employ'd in these aims."

292. *Leaves.* The early eds. have "loves;" corrected by Rowe.

294. *Tofore.* Before; used by Armado in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 83.

300. *Power.* Force, army; as very often, both in the singular and in the plural. Cf. iv. 4. 63 below.

SCENE II. — The whole of this scene is omitted in the quartos. Cf. p. 11 above.

4. *That sorrow-wreathen knot.* Illustrated and explained by *Temp.* i. 2. 224: "His arms in this sad knot."

6. *Passionate.* Express *passionately*, or feelingly. Cf. *passion* in i. 1. 106 above. Spenser uses the verb in *F. Q.* i. 12. 16: —

"Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate."

9. *Who, when my heart*, etc. This "relative with a supplementary pronoun" is common enough in Elizabethan writers. Rowe (followed by Hudson) "corrects" it here by reading "And, when," etc.

12. *Map of woe.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 12: "Thou map of honour," etc.

15. *Wound it with sighing.* Alluding to the old notion that every sigh took a drop of blood from the heart. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 97, *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 78, *Ham.* iv. 7. 123, etc.

27. *Bid Æneas*, etc. Cf. v. 3. 80 fol. below.

29. *O, handle not*, etc. For the quibble, cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 55: "Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand."

31. *Square.* Shape; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 153: "As 't is with us that square our guess by shows," etc.

37. *No other drink but tears.* Malone quotes 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 75: "Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes;" and *V. and A.* 949: "Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?"

38. *Mesh'd.* Equivalent to "mash'd" (the brewer's term), which some editors substitute.

44. *Of these.* From these ; a common use of the preposition.

45. *Still practice.* "Constant or continual practice" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 229 : "still use of grief makes wild grief tame."

48. *Passion.* See on i. 1. 106 above.

54. *Kill'st my heart.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 92 : "The king has killed his heart." See also *Rich. II.* v. 1. 100, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 149, etc.

60. *But how,* etc. The folio prints "But ?" and the Cambridge ed. has "But !" as if repeating the *but* of the preceding line. For *father and mother?* Capell reads "father, sir ?" and Ritson conjectures "father, brother ?" Some such change is suggested by the following *he* and *his,* but, as Dyce remarks, "there is little *sense* throughout this scene."

62. *Lamenting doings.* That is, lamentations. Hanmer reads "laments and doings," and Theobald "lamenting dolings." "Dronings" has also been suggested for *doings.*

71. *Insult on.* Exult or triumph over. Elsewhere we have *insult over ;* as in *Sonn.* 107. 12, *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 36, etc.

76. *Yet, I think, we are not brought so low.* That is, we are not yet brought so low. The transposing of "adverbs of limitation" (*yet, only,* etc.) is common in S. Pope reads "Yet still I think ;" Capell, "Why, yet, I think ;" and Steevens, "Yet I do think." White conjectures "But yet I think," or "Yet do I think."

81. *Come, take away.* The 1st folio has "*An.* Come, take away ;" the 2d, "And : Come take away ;" and the 3d and 4th, "And, Come take away," thus continuing the speech to Marcus. Rowe omitted "And." Capell was the first to restore the true reading.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 9. *Fear her not.* The folios have "Feare not," and Rowe "Fear thou not."

10. *See, Lucius*, etc. The early eds. add this speech to the preceding one. The correction was suggested by Walker. Capell (followed by many editors) gives only line 15 to Marcus.

11. *Somewhither.* Found nowhere in S. The quartos and 1st folio have "Some whether;" the 2d folio "Some whither."

12. *Cornelia.* The mother of the Gracchi.

14. *Tully's Orator.* Cicero's *De Oratore.* Rowe has "Oratory," and Pope "oratory."

19. *Griefs.* The 1st quarto has "greeves;" and Rowe reads "grief."

20. *Hecuba.* She has been referred to, though not mentioned by name, in i. 1. 136 above. Cf. *R. of L.* 1147, 1485, *Cor.* i. 3. 43, *Ham.* ii. 2. 523, 584, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 313, and *T. and C.* often.

21. *For sorrow.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "through sorrow."

36. *Reveal*, etc. After this line the folios insert "What booke?" as a separate line. White retains this, with the remark that "Lavinia is searching among the books; and perhaps the line is mutilated."

37. *In sequence.* One after the other, alternately.

39. *Fact.* Deed; or crime, as some make it.

45. *Soft! see how busily*, etc. The early eds. have "Soft, so busily;" corrected by Rowe.

46. *What would she find?* The early eds. have "Helpe her, what would she finde?" but Dyce is probably right in taking "Helpe her" to be a stage-direction that accidentally got into the text. Capell prints it as a separate line.

47. *Philomel.* See on ii. 3. 43 above.

48. *Treason.* Treachery, perfidy; as often.

49. *Annoy.* For the noun, cf. *V. and A.* 497, 599, *R. of L.* 1109, 1370, *Sonn.* 8. 4, etc.

50. *Quotes.* Observes, examines. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 233 and *Ham.* ii. 1. 112.

53. *Vast.* Sometimes used "of darkness and dark places not to

be taken in at one view" (Schmidt). Cf. v. 2. 36 below. See also *R. of L.* 767, *Oth.* i. 3. 140, etc.

70. *When.* Omitted in the quartos and 1st folio.

78. *Stuprum.* Rape (Latin).

81. *Magne dominator poli*, etc. Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? From Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671; the correct reading being "Magne regnator deum," etc. The early eds. have "Magni;" corrected by Theobald.

86. *Exclaims.* For the noun, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 2: "your exclaims," etc.

89. *Fere.* Mate, husband. Cf. *Per.* prol. 21. S. does not use the word.

91. *Junius Brutus.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1807 fol.

92. *By good advice.* By well-considered means.

97. *Wind.* Get wind of, scent. Cf. the noun in iv. 2. 133 below. See also *A. W.* iii. 6. 122: "this same coxcomb, that we have i' the wind," etc.

101. *Let it alone.* The first quarto has "let alone."

103. *Gad.* Point. The only other instance of the word in S. is in *Lear*, i. 2. 26: "Upon the gad" (= suddenly).

105. *Sibyl's leaves.* Steevens quotes Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 75:—

> "Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
> Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."

A better reference would have been to *Æneid*, iii. 444 fol.

109. *Bondmen.* "As being prisoners of war, and therefore of the status of slaves" (Herford).

124. *Compassion.* Pity; the only instance of the verb in the plays.

125. *Ecstasy.* Excitement. Cf. iv. 4. 21 below, where it is = madness, as often.

129. *Revenge, ye heavens.* The early eds. have "Revenge the heavens." Hanmer reads "Revenge, O heavens," and Capell "Revenge thee, heaven." The text is the conjecture of Johnson.

SCENE II. — 7. *Gramercy.* See on i. 1. 495 above.

8. *Decipher'd.* Detected ; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 184 : —

> " I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
> More rancorous spite," etc.

The line is omitted in the folios.

10. *Well advis'd.* In his right mind ; as opposed to *mad.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 215 : " Sleeping or waking ? mad or well advis'd ? " See also *Rich. III.* i. 3. 318, iv. 4. 518, etc.

16. *Appointed.* Equipped. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 190 : " With well-appointed powers," etc.

20. *Integer vitae,* etc. He who is pure in life and free from guilt needs not the javelins of the Moor nor the bow (Horace, *Carm.* i. 22).

24. *Just.* Just so ; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 68, *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 29, etc. Knight and Verplanck point " Ay, just a verse in Horace; " that is, merely a verse, etc.

26. *Here's no sound jest !* If the text be right, this must be taken ironically, as Malone and Staunton explain it. Theobald changes *sound* to " fond " (= foolish), which is very plausible.

27. *Sends them.* The 2d quarto and folios have " sends the."

28. *Beyond their feeling.* " Without their perceiving it " (Herford).

31. *Rest in her unrest.* Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 29 : " Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth."

42. *At such a bay.* Thus in my power ; a figure taken from the chase. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 128 : " To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay."

43. *A charitable wish,* etc. Walker conjectures that this line belongs to Aaron, with the next.

44. *For to say.* Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 181 : " for to think; " and *W. T.* i. 2. 427 : " for to obey."

50. *Belike.* It is likely. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 130, *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 55, etc. It is followed by *that* in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 90.

65. *The devil's dam.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 128, *Oth.* iv. 1. 153, etc.

71. *Zounds.* The reading of all the quartos, for which the folios substitute "Out." Theobald reads "Out, out, you," and Capell "Out on you," etc.

72. *Blowse.* "A ruddy, fat-faced wench" (Schmidt). The word is found nowhere in S. As generally defined it does not seem appropriate to a black baby, and White suggests that it may have become "a familiar term of jocose endearment for a child."

85. *Broach.* Spit. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. chor. 32: "Bringing rebellion broached on his sword."

89. *Tapers of the sky.* Cf. *candles* (= stars) in *Sonn.* 21. 12, *M. of V.* v. 1. 220, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 9, and *Macb.* ii. 1. 5.

93. *Enceladus.* One of the Giants of ancient fable; not mentioned by S. For *Typhon* (or Typhoeus), another of them, see *T. and C.* i. 3. 160.

95. *Alcides.* Hercules. See *M. of V.* ii. 1. 35, iii. 2. 55, *T. of S.* i. 2. 260, *K. John*, ii. 1. 144, and *A. and C.* iv. 12. 44.

98. *White-lim'd.* Whitewashed. The quartos have "white-limbde," and the folios "white-limb'd;" corrected by Pope.

101. *Ocean.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 3. 7 below. Cf. also *M. of V.* i. 1. 8 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 50.

104. *Empress.* A trisyllable; as in 143 below. See on i. 1. 240 above.

110. *Maugre.* In spite of; found also in *T. N.* iii. 1. 163 and *Lear*, v. 3. 131.

113. *Escape.* Sally, loose freak (Fr. *escapade*). See *Oth.* i. 3. 197; and cf. *scape* in *W. T.* iii. 3. 73: "Sure, some scape; though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape."

115. *Ignomy.* The quartos have "ignomie," the folios "ignominie" or "ignominy." For *ignomy*, which was a contracted form of *ignominy*, see 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 100 and *T. and C.* v. 10. 33.

118. *Enacts.* Actions; the only instance of the noun in S.

For *close* = secret, cf. *Macb.* iii. 5. 7 : "close contriver" (plotter); *Rich. III.* i. 1. 158 : "secret close intent," etc.

119. *Leer.* Complexion, face. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 67 : "a Rosalind of a better leer than you." Steevens quotes the old metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, MS.: "When he saugh the ladies so whyte of lere."

122. *Sensibly.* "As a sensible creature, endowed with the same feeling as you" (Schmidt).

123. *That self blood.* That same blood. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 33 : "That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee," etc.

129. *Advise thee.* Consider. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 102 : "Advise you what you say," etc.

136. *When we join*, etc. The 2d folio has "when we all join." Abbott makes *lords* a dissyllable.

138. *The chafed boar.* Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 203 : "Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat."

139. *As Aaron.* The 1st and 2d folios misprint "at Aaron."

143. *Empress.* Cf. 104 above.

144. *Two may keep counsel*, etc. A proverb, quoted also in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 209 : "Two may keep counsel, putting one away."

152. *Not far, one Muli lives*, etc. The early eds. have "Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman," Rowe inserted "lives" after "Muliteus;" but Steevens was probably right in his conjecture that the proper name and the verb are blended in the un-Moorish "Muliteus."

155. *Pack.* Plot, conspire in a fraud. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 121 : "Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all."

162. *Hark ye, lords.* Theobald reads "my lords," and Capell "But hark ye, lords."

163. *Bestow her funeral.* Give her burial.

164. *Gallant grooms.* Stout fellows. For the use of *grooms*, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 128, etc.

165. *No longer days.* No more time.

171. *Exeunt Demetrius*, etc. This is one of the many instances

in which the actors had to attend to the removal of a body from the stage. In the time of S. an actor was obliged not only to play two or more parts in the same drama, but to perform such servile offices as are now done by attendants of the stage. This explains Falstaff's clumsy and unseemly exploit of carrying off Harry Percy's body on his back. See also *R. and J.* iii. 1. 201, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 118, 119, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 160, *Rich. III.* i. 4. 287, 288, *Ham.* iii. 4. 212, *Lear*, iv. 6. 280–282, *J. C.* iii. 2. 261, etc.

173. *Dispose.* Dispose of; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 225: "The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd;" *C. of E.* i. 2. 73: "And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge," etc.

177. *Feed.* In the next line the early eds. have "feed" for *feast*, which is due to Hanmer. The Globe ed. "obelizes" the second "feed," which was probably an accidental repetition of the compositor.

SCENE III. — 2. *Now let.* The quartos and 1st folio omit *now*, which the 2d folio supplied.

4. *Terras Astræa reliquit.* Astræa (the goddess of justice) left the earth (Ovid *Met.* i. 150).

5. *Be you remember'd.* Cf. *R. of L.* 607: —

> "O be remember'd no outrageous thing
> From vassal actors can be wip'd away."

See also *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 131, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 96, etc.

7. *Ocean.* See on iv. 2. 101 above. Cf. *region* in 13 below.

8. *Happily.* "Haply" (the folio reading). The words are often used interchangeably. For *catch* the 2d quarto and the folios have "finde" or "find."

9. *At land.* Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 5, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 25, iii. 7. 54, iv. 5. 3, etc.

26. *Distract?* Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 42, *J. C.* iv. 3. 155, etc.

27. *Lord.* The quartos and 1st folio have "lords;" corrected in 2d folio.

30. *Careful.* Dyce and Hudson adopt Walker's conjecture of "easeful." Schmidt suggests "cureful," which is less plausible.

33. *Wreak.* Revenge. Cf. iv. 4. 11 below, and *Cor.* iv. 5. 91: —

> "Then if thou hast
> A heart of wreak in thee," etc.

See also the verb in 51 below, and in *V. and A.* 1004.

36. *What.* Hanmer transfers the word to the end of the preceding line.

44. *Acheron.* The infernal river is here made a *burning lake.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 357, *Macb.* iii. 5. 15, etc. On the passage, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 203: —

> "Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
> And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

46. *Cyclops'.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 511: "the Cyclops' hammers;" the only other mention of the one-eyed giants in S.

49. *Sith.* Since. See on i. 1. 271 above. Dyce reads "sith there 's justice nor in earth nor hell."

52. *Gear.* Affair, business. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 17: "To this gear the sooner the better," etc.

53. *Ad Jovem.* To Jupiter; as *Ad Apollinem*, To Apollo; and *Ad Martem*, To Mars.

55. *To Pallas.* Some eds. put this in quotation marks; also *to Mercury, to Saturn*, and *to Saturnine.*

56. *To Saturn, Caius.* The early eds. have "To Saturnine, to Caius;" corrected by Capell. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "To Saturn and to Cœlus."

57. *You were as good.* You might as well. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 111: "a' were as good crack a fusty nut," etc.

58. *Loose.* Let fly, shoot. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 207: "many arrows, loosed several ways," etc.

63. *Well said.* Well done; as often.

64. *Virgo.* The zodiacal constellation, which, according to the

old myth, represents *Astræa*, after she had left the earth. Cf. 4 above. Capell reads "she 'll give it Pallas," and Johnson "give it to Pallas."

65. *Beyond the moon.* Proverbial for anything far off or out of reach. Nares quotes Drayton, *Eclogue 5 :* —

> "Whither art thou rapt
> Beyond the moon, that strivest thus to attain ?"

See also Heywood, *Woman Killed with Kindness :* —

> "But O! I talk of things impossible
> And cast beyond the moon."

76. *His lordship.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "your lordship."

80. *O, the gibbet-maker!* Steevens supposed that the clown understood *Jupiter* as *Jew Peter;* but, as Staunton suggests, it is more likely that he took it to be *gibbeter.*

92. *Tribunal plebs.* The clown's blunder for *tribunus plebis*, or tribune of the people ; as *emperial's* for *emperor's.*

Take up. That is, make up, settle. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 320 : "I have his horse to take up the quarrel," etc.

113. *Bravely.* That is, *with a grace*, or in good style. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 83 : —

> "Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
> Perform'd, my Ariel ; " etc.

Scene IV. — 3. *Extent.* Maintenance ; the only instance of this sense in S.

4. *Equal.* The quartos and 1st folio have "egall," a form found in the folio in *M. of V.* iii. 4. 13 also. In *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 213 the same ed. has "egally." Herford paraphrases the passage thus : "for having inflicted justice impartially."

5. *You know, as know.* The early eds. have simply "you know;" corrected in the Cambridge ed. Rowe reads "You know, as do," etc. *Mightful* is found nowhere else in S.

11. *Wreaks.* Resentments, or "fits of rage" (Verity). See on iv. 3. 33 above.

17. *Libelling.* Not found elsewhere in S. *Libel* (noun) occurs only in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 33.

18. *Injustice.* The quartos have "unjustice;" a form found nowhere else in the early eds.

21. *Ecstasies.* Insanity. See on iv. 1. 125 above.

24. *If she sleep.* The early eds. have "he" for *she*, and "as he" in the next line; corrected by Rowe.

25. *As she.* That she. Cf. ii. 3. 103 above.

26. *Proud'st.* For contracted superlatives, of which we have several examples in the play, see p. 146 above.

35. *High-witted.* Cunning, artful. See on ii. 1. 10 above. *Gloze* = wheedle, cajole, use flattery or deceit. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 10: "they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze," etc.

37. *Thy life-blood out.* And drawn thy life-blood out. The 2d folio has "ont" for *out*, and the 3d "on't." White reads "My life-blood on't!" Walker conjectures that a line has been lost, like "And through the bodies of thy children drawn." It is not improbable that there is some corruption in the text.

38. *Anchor.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "anchor's."

40. *Mistership.* Johnson reads "mistress-ship;" but *mistership* may be meant for a clownish blunder, like *emperial.*

43. *Godden.* Good-evening; a corruption of *good e'en*, or *good evening.* In *R. and J.* i. 2. 58, *God gi' good-den* is printed "Godgigoden" in the quartos and first three folios, "God gi' Good-e'en" in the 4th folio. "This salutation was used by our ancestors as soon as noon was past, after which time *good morrow* or *good day* was esteemed improper" (Nares). In the present passage, the 1st quarto has "godden," the 2d quarto and the folios (except the 4th, which has "good e'en") have "good den."

45. *Presently.* Immediately. See on ii. 3. 62 above.

57. *Shape.* Form. Hanmer reads "share."

59. *Holp'st.* S. has *holp* for the past tense of *help* except in

Rich. III. v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138, where we find *helped;* and it is used ten times for the participle, while *helped* occurs only four times.

61. *Enter* EMILIUS. The early eds. all have "*Enter Nuntius Emillius*" (or "*Emilius*").

63. *Power.* See on iii. 1. 300 above.

65. *Conduct.* Here accented on the second syllable. The later folios have "the conduct."

67. *In course of this revenge.* In carrying out this plan of revenge. Rowe reads "his revenge."

72. *Ay, now begin.* The quartos and 1st folio have "I now begins," or "I, now begins." *Ay* in the early eds. is always printed "I."

74. *Myself.* Usually first person; but cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 217: "Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case." See also *Much Ado*, v. 2. 89.

76. *Wrongfully.* Adverbs are often used as adjectives in S. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 32: "That 's verily," etc.

78. *Your city.* The folios have "our city."

81–86. *King, be thy thoughts . . . their melody.* "No lines in the play have more of a Shaksperian ring" (Dowden). Swinburne says substantially the same. For *imperious* in 81, see on i. 1. 250 above; and cf. v. 1. 6 below.

85. *Wings.* Knight reads "wing" for the sake of the rhyme, making 83–86 a quatrain. But the final *-s* was sometimes disregarded in rhymes. I doubt, however, whether a rhyme was intended here.

86. *Stint.* Check, stop. Cf. *Per.* iv. 4. 42: "and swears she 'll never stint," etc.

91. *Honey-stalks.* "Clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson). Mason remarks that, though this may be true of cattle, it is not of *sheep.*

92. *Whenas.* When. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 140, *Sonn.* 49. 3, etc.

93. *Feed.* The folios have "Foode" or "Food."

96. *Smooth.* Flatter; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 48: "Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog." See also v. 2. 140 below.

100. *Before, be.* The quartos have "before to be," and the folios "before to;" corrected by Capell.

103. *Even at*, etc. The line is omitted in the 2d quarto and the folios.

105. *Stand on hostage.* Insist on a hostage. The quartos and first three folios have "in hostage;" corrected in 4th folio.

109. *Temper.* Mould, dispose. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 64: —

> "Where you may temper her by your persuasion
> To hate young Valentine and love my friend."

113. *Successantly.* A word not found elsewhere; changed by Rowe to "successfully," and by Capell to "incessantly" (= instantly). Schmidt is in doubt whether it means "successfully" or "following after another (namely, Æmilius, who had gone before)." Perhaps, as Herford suggests, *successantly* is = "in succession;" that is, "to Æmilius, just despatched."

ACT V

Scene I. — 1. *Approved.* Tried, tested. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 394: "of approved valour," etc.

3. *Signify.* The early eds. have "signifies;" corrected by Rowe.

6. *Imperious.* Cf. iv. 4. 81 above.

7. *Scath.* Harm, injury. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 75, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 317, etc.

9. *Slip.* Scion. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 142: —

> "For such a warped slip of wilderness
> Ne'er issued from his blood," etc.

12. *Ingrateful.* Used by S. oftener than *ungrateful*, which,

however, occurs twice in the present play (iv. 1. 111 and iv. 3. 17 above).

13. *Be bold.* The 1st and 2d folios misprint "Behold."

15. *Master.* The queen-bee; anciently supposed to be masculine. Cf. the description of the "honey-bees," *Hen. V.* i. 2. 190: "They have a king," etc.

17. *And as he saith*, etc. The quartos and 1st folio omit the prefix to this speech. The 2d folio inserts "*Omn.*" (= *Omnes*).

21. *Monastery.* The anachronism needs no comment. Cf. 76 below.

26. *Controll'd.* See on iii. 1. 260 above.

28. *Bewray.* See on ii. 4. 3 above.

42. *The pearl*, etc. "An allusion to the old proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye'" (Malone). Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 2. 12: "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

44. *Wall-eyed.* Fierce-eyed. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 49: "wall-eyed wrath or staring rage."

53. *Get me a ladder.* In the early eds. this is given to Aaron; corrected by Pope (the conjecture of Theobald). Knight follows the old text, and says, "He may mean, Execute me, but save the child!"

58. *Vengeance rot you all!* The Cambridge ed. was the first to put these words in quotation-marks.

65. *Complots.* Cf. ii. 3. 265 above.

66. *Piteously.* "In a manner exciting pity" (Steevens). Cf. *pitifully* in *M. W.* iv. 2. 212: "he beat him most pitifully." Heath conjectures "pitilessly," and Singer reads "piteousless."

67. *In my death.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "by my death."

74. *For.* Because; as in 158 below. See on iii. 1. 40 above. *Religious* is a quadrisyllable.

79. *Bauble.* The club of the domestic fool (see *A. W.* iv. 5. 32), with whom the *idiot* is here identified.

88. *Luxurious.* Lustful; the only meaning in S. So *luxury* is always = *lust.*

93. *Cut her hands.* The folios add "off."

94. *Detestable.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 29, *R. and J.* iv. 5. 56, v. 3. 45, etc.

99. *Codding.* Lecherous: found nowhere else in S. Not connected with the provincial *cod* = pillow, as some of the commentators suppose, but probably, as the *New Eng. Dict.* (which gives no other instance of the word) suggests, from *cod* (= scrotum).

102. *At head.* "An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson).

104. *Train'd.* Lured, enticed. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45, *L. L. L.* i. 1. 71, etc.

110. *Wherein . . . in it?* Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139: "Wherein we play in," etc.

113. *Extreme.* Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. See on *obscure*, ii. 3. 77 above.

114. *Pry'd me.* The *me* is the expletive or "ethical dative."

119. *Swooned.* The quartos and early folios have "sounded," which, like *swounded*, is an old spelling of the word.

122. *Like a black dog*, etc. The proverb, "to blush like a black dog," is found in Ray's Collection. Walker quotes Withal, *Adagia*, p. 557: "*Faciem perfricuit.* Hee blusheth like a blacke dogge, he hath a brazen face."

132. *Break their necks.* Malone conjectures that we should add "and die." The Globe ed. "obelizes" the line.

133. *Set fire on.* The only instance of the phrase in the plays. *Set fire to* is not found in S.

136. *Doors.* The quartos and 1st folio have "doore;" corrected in 2d folio.

137. *Sorrow . . . was.* The quartos and 1st folio have "sorrowes . . . was;" corrected in the 2d folio. Most editors read

"sorrows . . . were," with Malone; but the correction in the text is simpler, and is favoured by 140 just below.

145. *Bring down the devil.* "It appears from this that Aaron had actually mounted the ladder and spoke from it in the old English fashion of Tyburn executions" (Verplanck).

146. *Presently.* Immediately. See on ii. 3. 62 above.

158. *For.* Because. Cf. 74 above.

SCENE II. — 2. *Encounter with.* Meet. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 46: "When ladies crave to be encounter'd with," etc.

9. *Enter* TITUS, *above.* The stage direction in the early eds. is "*They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.*" From what follows it is evident that he came out into the balcony at the back of the stage. See on i. 1. 18 above. His *exit above* at 69 is not indicated in the early eds.; neither is his *entrance below* at 81, where he joins Tamora and her sons on the stage.

11. *Decrees.* Resolutions; as in *R. of L.* 1030, etc.

16. *I am come.* Dyce and Hudson read "I now am come."

18. *Action?* A trisyllable. Cf. *contemplation* in 9 above; and see on i. 1. 190, etc. The quartos read "give that accord," and Pope has "give it that accord."

19. *Odds.* Advantage; as often. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 169, etc.

21–60. *I am not mad . . . come with me.* Coleridge believed that these lines are Shakespeare's.

31. *Thy mind.* The 1st folio has "the mind," and "my foes" in the next line.

32. *Wreakful.* Resenting. See on *wreak* in iv. 3. 33 above.

46. *Surance.* The reading of all the early eds. S. does not use the word. Hanmer and others print "'surance."

49. *Globe.* The early eds. have "globes;" corrected by Dyce.

51. *Hale.* Haul, draw. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 62, *T. N.* iii. 2. 64, etc.

52. *Murtherers.* The early eds. have "murder;" corrected by

Capell. The quartos and 1st folio also have "cares" for *caves;* corrected in 2d folio.

53. *Loaden.* Used by S. six times, *laden* only four times (cf. i. 1. 36 above).

56. *Hyperion's.* The sun's. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 292, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 207, *Ham.* 1. 2. 140, iii. 4. 56, etc. Here the quartos have "Epeons," the 1st folio "Eptons," and the 2d folio "Hiperions."

59. *Rapine.* Used several times here as = *Rape.* The word is found nowhere else in S.

61. *These.* The quartos and 1st folio have "them," the later folios "they;" corrected by Dyce.

68. *Embracement.* Used by S. oftener than *embrace.*

70. *Closing with him.* Agreeing with him, humouring him.

77. *Out of hand.* Directly, at once; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 102, 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 63, etc.

80. *Ply.* The folios have "play." White thinks that the allusion may be musical, and "play" the right reading. Titus of course refers to his pretended insanity.

87. *Wot.* See on ii. 1. 48 above.

90. *Convenient.* Fit, proper; as often.

107. *Up and down.* Out and out, exactly. Cf. *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 125, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 89, etc.

132. *Business.* A trisyllable; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22, etc.

140. *Smooth.* See on iv. 4. 96 above.

Speak him fair. Conciliate or humour him. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 275, *M. N. D.* ii. i. 199, etc.

147. *Complot.* See on ii. 3. 265 above.

162. *And stop,* etc. The line is omitted in the folios; restored to the text by Capell.

189. *Coffin.* The crust of a pie. Cf. *custard-coffin* in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 82.

192. *Increase.* Produce; as in *Sonn.* 97. 6: "The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase," etc. On the passage, cf. Scott, *Lady of the Lake,* v. 241: —

" It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth."

The 1st folio omits *own*.

195. *Philomel.* See on ii. 3. 43 above. *Progne*, or *Procne*, was the sister of Philomela and wife of Tereus, whose son Itys she slaughtered and served up for his father to eat.

200. *Temper.* Mix; as in *Cymb.* v. 5. 250: "To temper poisons for her," etc.

202. *Officious.* Ready to do service, active. Here the word is a quadrisyllable. See on *spacious*, ii. 1. 114 above.

203. *May.* The folios have "might."

204. *The Centaurs' feast.* That is, the marriage feast of Perithous and Hippodamia, at which the famous "battle with the Centaurs" (see *M. N. D.* v. 1. 44) took place.

206. *'Gainst.* The quartos have "against."

Scene III. — 1. *Uncle Marcus*, etc. Walker conjectures "Since, uncle Marcus, 't is," etc.

3. *And ours with thine.* "And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may" (Malone).

13. *The venomous malice*, etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 26: "From envious malice of thy swelling heart."

17. *Moe.* The quarto reading; "more" in the folios. The word is used only with a plural or collective noun.

19. *Break the parle.* Open the parley (Johnson). Collier thinks the meaning may be "break off your angry parley with the emperor;" and this perhaps suits the context better. For *parle*, cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 2, *Ham.* i. 1. 62, etc.

33. *Beholding.* "Beholden" (Rowe's reading). See on i. 1. 396 above.

35. *Resolve.* Answer, tell. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 2. 7: "What, master, read you? First resolve me that," etc.

38. *Enforc'd.* Forced, violated. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 205:

"Lamenting some enforced chastity," etc. But, as Steevens notes, Virginia died unviolated.

44. *Lively.* "Living, actual; not merely one recorded in literature" (Herford).

48. *Unkind?* Equivalent to *unnatural.* Cf. *Lear,* iii. 4. 73: "his unkind daughters," etc.

50. *Virginius.* "There was a play upon the story of Virginius and his daughter long anterior to that of John Webster, so that audiences were well acquainted with the incidents before S. wrote" (Collier).

52. *To do,* etc. The line is omitted in the folios.

55. *Thus?* Omitted in the 2d quarto and 1st folio.

73. *Lest Rome,* etc. The early eds. have "Let," etc.; corrected by Capell. The quartos give the remainder of this speech to a "*Roman Lord,*" and the folios to a "*Goth.*" Malone substituted "*Sen.*" (= Senator). Capell continued the speech to Marcus, as in the text, and has been generally followed. The Cambridge editors say: "The corruption was perhaps due to a copyist or printer, who, not seeing that *Let* was miswritten for *Lest,* yet felt that the words *Let Rome,* etc., were not suitable to Marcus, and gave them to a Roman lord at a guess. The editor of the 1st folio, or some corrector of the quarto from which he printed, thinking the words not suitable to a Roman, gave them to a Goth."

74. *Curtsy.* The quartos and early folios have "cursie," as in sundry other passages.

77. *Chaps.* Wrinkles or cracks. Cf. *R. of L.* 1452: "Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd."

80. *Our ancestor.* That is, Æneas. See on ii. 3. 22 above.

85. *Sinon.* The Greek who persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse (*the fatal engine*) into their city. Cf. *R. of L.* 1521, 1529, 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 190, and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 61.

88. *Compact.* Composed. Cf. *V. and A.* 149: "Love is a spirit, all compact of fire," etc.

91. *My utterance.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "my

very utterance." *Even* is of course a dissyllable; as in ii. 3. 162 above.

94. *A captain.* Walker conjectures "our captain," which is plausible.

96. *Then.* The folios have "this."

100. *Faults.* Dyce reads "fault," which may be right.

101. *And basely cozen'd.* That is, and *he* basely cozened. Cf. 200 below.

109. *I am the turned forth.* The reading of the 1st quarto. The 2d quarto has "And I am the turned forth;" the first three folios, "And I am turned forth;" and the 4th folio, "And I am turn'd forth."

119. *This child!* The 1st quarto has "the child."

124. *Damn'd as he is.* The early eds. have "And as he is;" emended by Theobald. Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 63: "Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her." See also 201 below. The Globe ed., retaining the old text, marks it as hopelessly corrupt.

125. *Cause.* The reading of the 4th folio; "course" in all earlier eds.

126. *Patience.* A trisyllable. Cf. *impatient* in ii. 1. 76 above.

134. *Closure.* Close, end. Elsewhere (in *V. and A.* 782, *Sonn.* 48. 11, and *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 11) it is = enclosure.

140. *Do cry. Voice* is treated as a virtual plural.

141. *Lucius, all hail,* etc. This line, as also 146 below, is made a part of Marcus's speech in all the early eds.; corrected by Capell. Knight follows the old text, and remarks: "Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what 'the common voice' has required."

143. *Hale.* See on v. 2. 51 above.

144. *Slaughtering.* Walker conjectures "direful-slaughtering."

146. *Rome's.* The early eds. have "to Rome's;" corrected by Rowe.

148. *Harms . . . wipe.* Rowe has "harm . . . drive." The ellipsis of *as* after *so* is common.

149. *Give me aim.* "Give room and scope to my thoughts; explained by the following *stand all aloof*" (Schmidt). White conjectures "air" for *aim.*

154. *Blood-stain'd.* The reading of 3d folio; "blood-slaine" or "bloud-slaine" in the earlier eds.

156. *Tear for tear.* Abbott makes the first *tear* a dissyllable, as it probably is.

169. *Associate.* Accompany, join; as in *R. and J.* v. 2. 6: "One of our order, to associate me."

195. *Tiger.* Rowe changes the word to "tygress."

196. *Mourning.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "mournefull," "mournfull," or "mournful." For *mournful* in the next line, Staunton conjectures "solemn."

199. *Beastly.* The folios have "beast-like."

200. *Shall have.* Hanmer reads "she shall have." For the ellipsis, cf. 101 above.

202. *By whom.* The folios have "From whom."

204. *Ruinate.* Cf. *R. of L.* 944: "To ruinate proud buildings;" *Sonn.* 10. 7: "Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate," etc.

APPENDIX

The Time-Analysis of the Play

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1877–1879, p. 190) thus : —

"The period included in this Play is four days represented on the stage ; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1. Act I., Act II. sc. i.[1]

" 2. Act II. sc. ii.–iv., Act III. sc. i.

Interval.

" 3. Act III. sc. ii.

Interval.

" 4. Acts IV. and V."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Saturninus : i. 1(105); ii. 2(5), 3(35); iv. 4(55); v. 3(9). Whole no. 209.

Bassianus : i. 1(48); ii. 2(1), 3(14). Whole no. 63.

Titus : i. 1(136); ii. 2(15), 3(9); iii. 1(190), 2(73); iv. 1(58), 3(76); v. 2(132), 3(29). Whole no. 718.

Marcus : i. 1(74); ii. 2(3), 4(47); iii. 1(41), 2(10); iv. 1(47), 3(19); v. 2(1), 3(61). Whole no. 303.

[1] "Johnson is right in saying that 'this scene ought to continue the first Act.' The fact that in it Chiron and Demetrius are already quarrelling for the love of Lavinia is no sufficient reason for supposing any break in the course of the action : time, throughout the play, is almost annihilated. There is a sequence of events, but no probable time is allowed for between them."

Lucius: i. 1(30); iii. 1(46); v. 1(41), 3(79). Whole no. 196.
Quintus: i. 1(4); iii. 3(24). Whole no. 28.
Martius: i. 1(2); ii. 3(29). Whole no. 31.
Mutius: i. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Young Lucius: iii. 2(2); iv. 1(25), 2(13); v. 3(4). Whole no. 44.
Publius: iv. 3(9); v. 2(6). Whole no. 15.
Æmilius: iv. 4(8); v. 1(6), 3(7). Whole no. 21.
Demetrius: i. 1(10); ii. 1(33), 2(2), 3(13), 4(6); iv. 2(28); v. 2(2). Whole no. 94.
Chiron: i. 1(1); ii. 1(20), 3(10), 4(4); iv. 2(13); v. 2(4). Whole no. 52.
Aaron: ii. 1(89), 3(41); iii. 1(19); iv. 2(110); v. 1(86), 3(10). Whole no. 355.
Captain: i. 1(6), Whole no. 6.
Tribune: i. 1(3). Whole no. 3.
Clown: iv. 3(17), 4(7). Whole no. 24.
Messenger: iii. 1(7). Whole no. 7.
1*st Goth:* v. 1(11), 3(1). Whole no. 12.
2*d Goth:* v. 1(21). Whole no. 21.
3*d Goth:* v. 1(3). Whole no. 3.
Tamora: i. 1(66); iii. 3(85); iv. 4(43); v. 2(61), 3(2). Whole no. 257.
Lavinia: i. 1(10); iii. 2(2), 3(46). Whole no. 58.
Nurse: iv. 2(19). Whole no. 19.
"*All*": i. 1(2); v. 3(2). Whole no. 4.
Alarbus is on the stage in i. 1, *Caius* in iv. 3, and *Valentine* in v. 2; but they do not speak.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(495); ii. 1(135), 2(26), 3(306), 4(57); iii. 1(301), 2(85); iv. 1(129), 2(180), 3(121), 4(113); v. 1(165), 2(206), 3(204). Whole number of lines in the play, 2523.

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